"MODERN MAN," FEBRUARY 1st, 1913.

THE TSARINA HYPNOTISED IN HOPE OF A SON.

Modern Man

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF GENERAL INTEREST.

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THE VENUS DE MILO FIGURE.—WHY THE ARMS ARE *NOT* MISSING.

Modern Man

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PLAIN SPEAKING.

The Editor will be pleased to receive from readers in any part of the country information regarding local affairs and matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under this heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper must be sent, and where written matter is forwarded it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

THE TSARINA'S EXPECTED ACCOUCHEMENT.

If all goes well the Tsarina will give birth in the spring to a child who may solve the dynastic problem now troubling the Russian people. Already the Tsarina's engagements for months ahead have been cancelled. The secret of the Tsarina's impending accouchement has been wonderfully well kept. The reason for this is that the prospect of another male child being born to the Tsar is certain to increase the activity of the Nihilists, who are never absent even from the Tsar's own household.

Time, of course, will prove how far the attack upon the little Tsarevitch has been successful in securing the end desired by the enemies of the Romanoffs, but the prospect of another son being born to their Imperial Majesties must be very disconcerting to those who have risked their lives in the effort to render the Tsarevitch's life abortive.

It is not generally known that a very curious custom prevails in the Romanoff family in regard to Royal births. It is considered undignified for the Tsarina to be *enceinte*, so her condition has to be carefully ignored, and no mention of it is made in any court circular or similar publication, while the Tsarina herself is not allowed to allude to the expected event.

This must be somewhat inconvenient for the Imperial lady, but the custom is one which has been honoured for centuries in the Russian Royal Family.

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Hypnotising the Tsarina in Hope of a Son.

I learn that in spite of the influence of the Dowager Empress Marie, the Tsarina has been subjected already to hypnotic influences in the hope of procuring a second direct heir to the Throne. The Tsar has great faith in this wonderful force, and, truth to tell, His Imperial Majesty is not without justification for it. The Tsar married the Princess Alice of Hesse in November, 1894. A few days less than a year saw the birth of the Tsarina's first girl, the Grand Duchess Olga, and at regular intervals of two years Their Imperial Majesties' other three daughters made their appearance. Prior to the birth of the Grand Duchess Anastasie-Nicholaievitch, on the fifth of June, 1901, spiritualism had been resorted to in the hope of influencing a male child, but the expected infant proved to be a girl.

Soon after, one of the elderly Grand Duchesses introduced to the Tsar, a German hypnotiser, Herr Philipp, who so far succeeded in convincing the Tsar of his *bona fides* that he was not only installed in the Palace of Peterhof, but was given the rank of Actual State Councillor, with the diploma of Military Physician, and the handsome uniform of that position. During the Tsarina's next pregnancy, Herr Philipp accompanied the Imperial family to Livadia, and stayed there until the Tsar and Tsarina returned to Peterhof for the birth of the child. And when, on the thirteenth of July, 1904, the Tsarina gave birth to the Tsarevitch, the Tsar believed that his faith in Herr Philipp had been warranted, and to this day Herr Philipp has been an important functionary in the Imperial Household. In St. Petersburg, therefore, the birth of a second son to the Tsarina is keenly expected.

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Two Great Noble Families at Loggerheads.

Society is immensely amused just now over the trouble in the great houses or Rutland and Anglesey. These two families became united a year ago by the marriage of the young Marquess of Anglesey to the Duke of Rutland's eldest daughter, Lady Marjorie Manners. The Pagets are a very exclusive clan, and the Duke of Rutland—who for a long time has not been on those terms of intimacy with the Royal Family which he formerly was—has been somewhat Bohemian in his tastes of late, and has accorded a most unusual friendliness to the family of Sir Herbert Tree. The Duke went so far as to invite the Trees to Belvoir for Christmas, and this has not increased the good feeling between the Pagets and the Manners'. But when, a few weeks ago, Lady Marjorie Manners's brother-in-law, Lord Victor Paget, married Miss Olive Meatyard (otherwise Olive May, of the Gaiety Theatre), the Duke of Rutland actually became related to the stage! The Duke's three daughters have always been very keen amateur actresses, but they are a trifle huffed at being allied to the Meatyards, notwithstanding the apparent patronage accorded by Lord Anglesey's mother, Lady Alexandra Paget, to her son's new wife.

* * *

Difficult Role of the New "Lady Victor Paget."

Lady Alexandra Paget made the most strenuous efforts to induce her son to forego his "love affair," but Lord Victor stood by his word of honour to Miss May, and, rather than have trouble in the family, Lady Alexandra eventually decided to attend the wedding. Lord Anglesey also attended, and he showed a real sense of decency in the matter by making his young brother—Lord Victor is only twenty-three, and still a romantically-minded boy—a present of a thousand pounds a year, while he also promised Miss Olive May a similar sum (which certainly does Lord Anglesey great credit!). But his Lordship's wife did not turn up at the church, nor did any other members of the Manners and Paget families, except Mr. Gerald Paget, and of course, there was no reception, the happy pair leaving at once for Paris.

So far, Lady Alexandra's two daughters, the Viscountesses Ingestre and Herbert (whose husbands are the heirs respectively to the Earls of Shrewsbury and Pembroke-and-Montgomery, very exclusive and "tip-top" people) have stood aloof, and have not yet met their young brother's actress-wife.

The position is a difficult one, as Miss Olive May now becomes "Lady Victor Paget," and should she have a child he would be heir-presumptive after his father to the Anglesey marquessate. Lord Victor Paget has no intention of enjoying "love in a cottage" with his charming wife, however, and he has taken a house in Town, and Miss Olive May will duly appear in "'Igh Sassiety" after the honeymoon. So our readers may look out for something piquant ere long!

* * *

Trouble for Old Lord Feversham.

Which reminds us that there is trouble also in another noble family to whom Miss Olive May has become allied by her marriage to Lord Victor Paget. Lord Victor's sister is, as already stated, the wife of Viscount Ingestre, Lord Shrewsbury's son and heir. Now, Lord Shrewsbury's sister is the Dowager Viscountess Helmsley, the widow of that Lord Helmsley who, had he lived, would have succeeded his aged father, the present Earl of Feversham. The venerable Earl had a large family, and they have given him a good deal of trouble. His Lordship's second son, the Hon. James Duncombe, died in 1886, at the age of thirty-three, and the Earl's eldest daughter, the Duchess of Leinster, died in 1895.

SHILLING SHARES FOR READERS AND NEWSAGENTS.

EXCHANGE OF COURTESIES.

Evelyn: "We must really give a dinner to those people next door."
Doting Dad: "But they are not in our set. And what did they ever do for us socially?"
Evelyn: Well, I find they entertained our cat handsomely all the time we were away."

The Earl's next son is the Hon. Hubert Duncombe, who as out in the war in command of a battalion of Imperial eomanry, and has recently been in "hot water" with less important a person than Admiral Lord Fisher and whole crowd of brother admirals "on his collar"!

Hubert Duncombe is associated as chairman with a com-ny called the "South of England Natural Gas and etroleum Co.," and on the prospectus appeared the names Lord Fisher and Admirals Sir Henry Crane and Sir hn Jellicoe, and many other dignitaries.

The result was that hundreds of people wrote to Lord sher to know if he was connected with the company. As s Lordship had never heard of the company he was in-nsely annoyed, and has gone into the Tower Bridge Police ourt to say so.

Old Lord Feversham is extremely angry with his son ubert, for the Duncombes are important people, and con-ected with half the Peerage. Hubert's explanation of his sition has still to be given to the magistrate.

* * *

ll Honour to Lady Marjorie Greville.

Old Lord Feversham's present heir is his grandson, who also well known as Viscount Helmsley, and is a most ergetic Member of Parliament. He married the famous ountess of Warwick's daughter, Lady Marjorie Greville, nd Lady Marjorie, who, in the days of her childhood, sed to be the most photographed damsel in Britain, re-ntly justified her up-bringing in a really charming man-er.

Married to Lord Helmsley in 1904, Lady Marjorie has ad three children by her stout and doggy Lord, and last ovember, when Manders's Menagerie was at the Mar-nmas Fair at York, she took the bairns to see the wild asts. But when the lion-tamer went into the cage con-ining the "celebrated, forest-bred, untamable lion," and oceeded to terrify the poor beast with red-hot bars and the firing of volleys of pistol-shots, Lady Helmsley was so disgusted that she took her children hastily away from the show, and made it her business to go straight to the police-station and institute proceedings against the proprietor, who was convicted of cruelty to the lion, and duly fined.

All honour to Lady Marjorie for her plucky action! Too many highly-respectable people of her rank would have shrunk from such a courageous action as if it had been the plague. Obviously Lady Marjorie is her mother's daughter, and Lady Warwick was never deficient in pluck!

* * *

Typical "Asquith" Job.

The Bombay billet has gone to a typical member of Mr. Asquith's gang. "Lord Willingdon," whose coronet has the quite respectable antiquity of nearly three years, may be congratulated upon his new job! A nicer one does not exist.

Ten thousand rupees a month, and all found, wants a little beating, not to speak of the gold lace and stars, the jaunty sowars before the carriage, and jauntier sowars behind it, the red and gold State umbrella over the gubernatorial equipage, the bowing and scraping, the red carpet, and five years of warmth and sunlight, with the hot weather in the cool Indian hills, and the cold weathers in balmy Bombay, where the soft sea waves lap the sands all around the Governor's charming bungalow—Yoicks, it's a great thing, being the burra sahib of Western India.

Mr. Asquith offered the job, loyal family man that he is, to his brother-in-law, Lord Glenconner (another three-year-old coronet!), but Mrs. Asquith's sister, though very keen upon being "Her Excellency," got a great funk when she heard that the present Governor, the new Lord Sydenham, lost his beautiful wife and only daughter before he had been in Bombay six months, and refused to go East.

So Lord Willingdon got the offer, and, like a smart fellow, he knew a good thing when he had the chance of it. But how many of our readers could say who "Lord Willingdon"

IF YOU LIKE THIS PAPER SECURE PROPRIETARY INTEREST.

was before Mr. Asquith made him a Peer? And of those who knew him as Mr. Freeman-Thomas, how many could say *why* he was made a Peer? So here's the story.

* * *

How Mr. Asquith found a Lord-in-Waiting.

Three years ago the King had as his Radical Lord-in-Waiting (under Mr. Asquith, of course, the Lord-in-Waiting-ship being a highly political appointment), a good-looking young peer, Lord Denman, who was rich, having married the daughter of one of Mr. Asquith's particular pals, Weetman Pearson, the millionaire contractor, whom Mr. Asquith *of course* made a Peer by the title of "Lord Cowdray."

A fine billet in Australia becoming vacant—nothing less than the Governor-Generalship of the Commonwealth—Mr. Asquith popped young Lord Denman into it, and then found himself hard up for a new Lord-in-Waiting to the King.

This was a poser for Mr. Asquith, for King George is a cynic, and in any case will not have a rich stockbroker or ship-jobber in confidential office in Buckingham Palace. Practically none of Mr. Asquith's gang were acceptable to King George, and the Old Nobility will not go to Buckingham Palace as the nominees of the Asquiths. But a Peer had to be found for the job, as only a peer can be a Lord-in-Waiting, so Mr. Asquith made his friend Freeman-Thomas a baron, as "Lord Willingdon of Ratton," and sent him to the King.

The Freeman-Thomases are quite a presentable lot, and the new Lady Willingdon being one of Earl Brassey's well-dowered daughters, Lord Willingdon saved Mr. Asquith's face, and now gets the profitable post which is only due (under the Asquith contract!). And I learn that Lord Ashby St. Ledgers, that son of the rich ironmonger, Lord Wimborne, whom Mr. Asquith made a peer two or three years ago, is in the running for the now vacant Lordship-in-Waiting, to be followed, ere long, by a nice fat five years of warmth and rupees east of Aden! No one can say Mr. Asquith forgets his friends!

* * *

Cruelty to Birds.

Several recent prosecutions serve as a reminder that the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Act, 1911, includes as animals birds, fishes and reptiles in a state of captivity. The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds is making use of this Act freely—and, we think, rightly, although we approved and supported the reduction by statute of the six months' penalty originally imposed by it to three months. Wild birds are not only caught cruelly, but kept cruelly in the shops of dealers, whatever the amelioration of their lot when they get into private hands; and we are glad that the shops are under observation.

* * *

Our French Note: "Tete-a-Tete."

Statistics often suggest more than they reveal. At the present time the Metropolitan Police are trying to find the missing husbands of 291 wives and fathers of 673 children, all deserted, and dependent on various London Boards of Guardians. The maintenance of these 673 children alone costs the ratepayers just about £170 a week.

Behind these bare figures is a pitiful sum-total of domestic misery, marital infidelity, and cowardly shirking of connubial and paternal responsibility.

* * *

How Prisons are Peopled.

The annual report of the Howard Association is before us. We are gratified to note the decrease in the number of committals to prison of young people between the ages of 16 and 21, but that number is still far higher than it ought to be, or would be, but for the iniquitous neglect of some of the stipendiary magistrates to put into force the provisions of the Probation of Offenders Act, and their refusal to allow time for the payment of fines. We repeat what we have said before—too much is left to the discretion (or the indiscretion) of magistrates. Instead of saying "You may do this" or "You must do that," the Law should say "You must." In the matter of allowing time for the payment of fines, magisterial option is scandalously abused.

Every day youths are turned into prison—the criminal university and manufactory—because of their inability to pay on the spot a fine that, in many cases, is out of all proportion with the trumpery nature of their offence. In practice, England punishes boys and girls with a savagery unknown in any other civilised State.

That adults as well as juveniles are systematically turned into criminals, on a wholesale scale, merely for the want of money in their pockets, is shown by the fact that 50 per cent. of the committals to prison are for non-payment of fines—and this has been the proportion for a long time.

* * *

Flogging.

The flogging clause in the White Slave Act is to be no dead-letter. In each of the cases in which the cat has already been ordered for offences under that Act, the remarks of the sentencing Judge manifested the sternest determination to exercise the new powers vested in the high administrants of justice. In the chorus of universal approval of this speedy enforcement of the flogging clause the bleatings of its opponents are silenced.

* * *

Poultry Farmer versus Fox Hunter.

Poultry farmers on a large scale, and poultry farmers on a small scale, and poultry farmers on an intermediate scale are all uniting in their complaints and accusations against foxes and fox hunters. A petition bearing 300 signatures has been presented to the House of Commons, calling attention to vulpine ravages for which the ravaged have been inadequately compensated.

This case of poultry farmer versus fox hunter ought to be settled out of Court. Everybody wishes well to the poultry farming industry; nobody should wish ill to the hunt. Let plaintiff and defendant meet each other in a neighbourly spirit, and fix an improved sliding tariff of damages by themselves. A little forbearance on the part of one and a little more generosity or fairness on the part of the other would settle affairs in no time. So mote it be—and let peace reign in the countryside.

* * *

Alms and Piety.

The Rev. J. Cregan, Pastor of the Cavendish Chapel, Manchester, says that if everybody would give the begging tramp a piece of bread and a glass of water—(and, he presumably means, nothing else)—all the tramps in England would be got rid of in twelve months. Sweeping specific assertions of this sort are always idle nonsense; but when Mr. Cregan describes the habitual beggar as the greatest nuisance a minister has to contend with he gets on to solid ground. The Rev. Archibald Brown, the famous Baptist evangelist of the East End, said much the same thing.

On one occasion, referring to the hypocritical affectation of piety invariably put on by the alms-seeking class in appealing to the "cloth," he told a good story of a woman who was trying to get at his own pocket.

"Oh, Mr. Brown," she whined, "what a blessed change 'ave come over me by a-listenin' to your sermings. Before I sat under your 'oly ministry, sir, I cared for neither God or the Devil; but now, Mr. Brown, thanks to your 'eavingly teachin', I love 'em both!"

EVERYBODY'S PRAISING OUR SAFETY RAZOR

Bishop Welldon told us the other day of a man-beggar who solicited from him Holy Baptism and a pair of old trousers.

* * *

Time-Expired Territorials.

So large a number of the men of the Finsbury Rifles are at liberty to leave this year that the fate of the battalion is practically in their hands. The C.O. has expressed his earnest hope that every man who can possibly do so will renew his service.

There are many other Territorial regiments whose hopes are to a large extent centred on renewals of service, and what Lieut.-Col. Maurice Grant hopes for the historic Finsburys *Modern Man* hopes for them all.

* * *

Fool and Foreman.

At Southwark Coroner's Court the foreman of a jury, after objecting, on conscientious grounds, to take the oath (a refusal against which there is nothing to be said), made a fool of himself by jibbing at the words of the affirmation, "on behalf of my Sovereign Lord the King," which he obstinately declined to repeat. "I am here," he announced "to do my duty in the interests of the people present. The King is not here, and has nothing to do with what is decided here."

After reminding him of the penalties to which he had made himself liable, the Coroner contemptuously told him to go away. If the hope and object of the bladder-head was to "get into the papers," his heart's desire has been gratified.

* * *

The "Snowdon Range."

We are gratified to learn that the indomitable pluck, long-suffering endurance, and splendid seamanship of the captain, officers and crew of the "Snowdon Range" are to be publicly recognised by the shipping and commercial interests of Newcastle-on-Tyne at a complimentary banquet. It has also been decided to present to Captain Dickinson an illuminated address and a piece of silver plate, and medals to his officers and men. The address will carry the signatures of the Mayors of Newcastle and other Tyneside municipalities.

* * *

Deadly Toys.

A ten-year old little Londoner has died through, apparently, the use of a tin toy in the shape of two oyster shells fastened together. In order to produce a sound he had to blow between them, and in doing so presumably sucked the paint on them, containing white lead and arsenic, and poisoned himself. To their verdict of "accidental death" the Coroner's jury very properly added a rider condemning the sale of such toys.

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Clerical Matrimonial Bureau.

Early last year the Rev. C. H. Grundy, Vicar of St. Peter's, Brockley—than whom, by the by, there is no wittier impromptu speaker living—started a sort of matrimonial bureau, entering in a register the names of young women willing to take unto themselves husbands in possession of certain incomes. It is to be presumed that the area of his activity was, and remains, rigidly restricted—or the world would not contain the register that should be kept. He says that applications for wives have come to him not only from all parts of England, but also from California, India, Mexico, and Australia. Many couples are corresponding, and interviews are to follow.

For all this, only one marriage has come off, and only one other been "arranged for." But "my agency has done quite as well as I hoped," declared Mr. Grundy. With the exception of the one young lady wedded and the other young lady "arranged for," the lady candidates on his register cannot be expected to share his complacent satisfaction. We suggest to the Rev. C. H. Grundy that although Cupid leads couples to a clergyman, a clergyman does not do well when he goes out of his way to lead couples to Cupid.

* * *

Black and White Scandal.

A correspondent calls us over the coals for the severity of our remarks on the subject of the mating of white with black. Without referring to what we did say, we assert that it could not possibly have been anything too condemnatory. Whites, men or women, who mix their blood with that of blacks sin against their race as well as against themselves—sin even against the inferior as well as against the superior race, for to break down the barrier between them erected by Nature and justified by universal experience is to remove an obstacle to the admission of the former into conditions which, for it, are false and fatal.

What the white must always lose the black can never gain. When the twain meet in conjugal contact, the impulse, on one side or the other, or on both sides, originates in perverted sexual instinct; and perverted sexual instinct is a shame and a curse to humanity.

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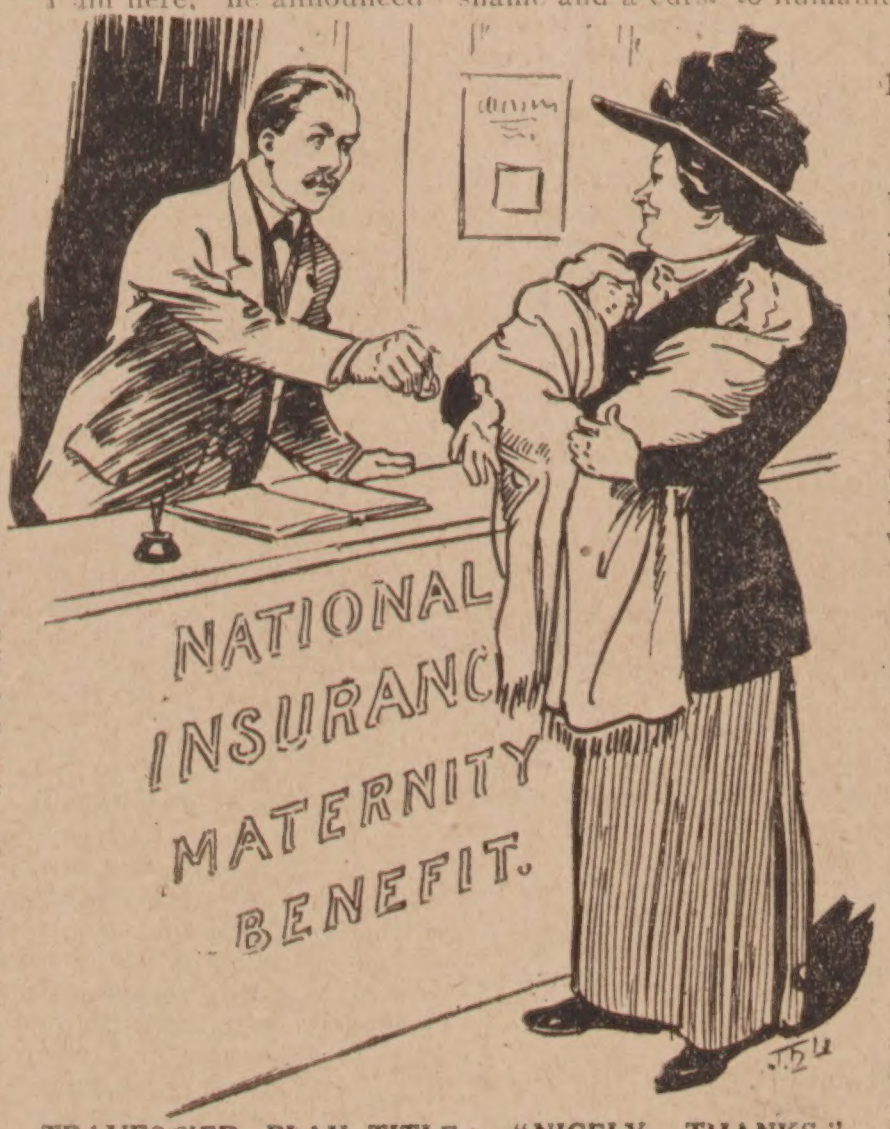

TRAVESTIED PLAY TITLE: "NICELY, THANKS."

In the Name of the Sick Poor.

Good luck to the memorial which the British Hospitals Association has presented to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on behalf of more than 400 hospitals of the United Kingdom, praying for relief from the exaction of legacy duty on all bequests made to them. If Mr. Lloyd George consents to knock off this impost of 10 per cent. he will be able to enjoy for once the unwonted sensation of doing something for which nobody will curse him, and which everybody will approve. In the name and for the sake of the sick and suffering, *Modern Man* endorses the petition.

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The Lord who made them Truly Thankful.

The Bishop of London is responsible for the following story: Once a "very respectable member of the peerage" addressed a meeting of working-class people in the East End, and was thus publicly thanked by one of his audience: "We are very thankful to Lord ——— for coming here and speaking to us, but I am sure he will agree that it is a far better way of spending an evening than in betting and drinking and gambling, like the rest of the aristocracy"!

* * *

No doubt you have already had your laugh at our frontispiece, and will smile again at the thought of it when you read about Venus in the daily newspapers

* * *

Sunday Picture Shows.

If Sunday picture shows were objected to by the Progressives of the London County Council on the score of the injury they are doing to the eyesight of the thoughtless, delighted crowds who attend them—Sunday shows and week-day shows being on the same level in this respect—we should take our stand on the side of the prohibitionists, until such time as efficacious means have been designed and adopted for ridding all such exhibitions from the visual mischief and perils at present inseparable from them.

But so long as there is no let or hindrance to these injurious shows on other days, no case can be made out against them on Sundays. Since we last wrote on this subject, many trade and labour organisations, and the National Sunday League, have petitioned the Council in the spirit and sense of our representations.

KENT READER WINS OUR FOOTBALL PRIZE.

GAEKWAR OF BARODA, MR. GARVIN AND THE MUCK RAKE.

ANOTHER BLAZING INDISCRETION FROM THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE."

The Gaekwar of Baroda is a potentate who for many years has figured before the world as the ideal Indian ruler. His praises have been sung for twenty-five years past in the Press of all Europe and America, where, by-the-way, he is well known.

But something over a year ago there was an incident at Delhi which placed the Gaekwar under a cloud! Whether the Gaekwar was actually rude to King George, or whether he was afflicted with "nerves," or whether, being the first Hindoo prince to do the homage, he made a mistake in the precise etiquette of the occasion, has never been satisfactorily cleared up.

It is sufficient that immediately the Gaekwar's error was pointed out to him he at once sat down and wrote a complete apology to King George. And there the incident terminated, so far, at any rate, as our offended monarch was concerned, which was highly creditable to King George. And there, one would suppose, the matter ended. So it did, so far as all fair-minded people were concerned. But there are some people to whom decency is a nebulous term. And one of them is Mr. J. L. Garvin, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Re-hashing a Stale Old Story.

For, strange and incomprehensible as it may seem, that gentleman devoted three whole columns of the *Pall Mall* last Monday to the re-hashing of this stale old story, the only difference between the new and the old version being that Mr. Garvin's narrative is penned in a vein of malice so obvious that a blind man could see it. And the *Pall Mall* is the paper that used (and justifiably) to boast that it was "written for gentlemen *by* gentlemen."

Obviously, we have no space here to contradict all the malicious statements which Mr. Garvin, or his correspondent, fathered. Three columns of vindictive and scurrilous denunciation tells its own story. We know the writer of Mr. Garvin's diatribe. We scent the gall-diluted ink of that ex-Bombay editor only too well. And he is notoriously no friend of the Gaekwar.

Our London readers may by this time have become familiar with Garvinian, or New Style, in journalism. But those who have not may like to learn something of it from the newest specimen. Its ignorance is only comparable with its execrable taste.

The Gaekwar's White Raiment.

The enemies of the Gaekwar made a great point of the fact that His Highness at the Durbar appeared in plain white raiment. All who know the ruler of Baroda know that this is both his usual and his state costume, and that it is the costume of all the members of his family. But Mr. Garvin's man waxes very wrath about it. He says—

> It is perfectly true that the Gaekwar usually wears "a plain white garment" in private life in India. He often affects the same "chaste simplicity" when it becomes his duty to attend any public ceremonial at which exalted British personages are present. But in his own State, on occasion, he is wont to appear in much braver array. Those who wish to see a portrait of the Gaekwar as he is accustomed to present himself at times to his own people, may be recommended to turn to the "Sketch" of December 27, 1911. They will see the Gaekwar in the full uniform of his "army," a uniform which is neither very simple, nor very chaste. They will see something else, too. They will see the Gaekwar wearing the aiguilettes of an aide-de-camp to the King-Emperor, an honour he does not possess. . . But perhaps the point about costume is sufficiently disposed of when I say that at the 1903 Durbar the Gaekwar wore a white satin robe edged with gold, and the riband of the Star of India. In 1911 he elected to do homage to the King-Emperor in cheap white cotton, such as the clerks in his public offices would wear.

All this, to the uninitiated, sounds very specious and convincing. But *only* to the uninitiated! The truth on the matter of the Gaekwar's costume at the Durbar is as follows: His Highness appeared in the full regalia of his *own* Durbar, in proof of which we cite the following fact. During His Highness's rule in Baroda he has built a magnificent new palace near his capital city. At the Durbar end of the Throne-room there is an immense sheet of glass, upon which the Gaekwar has had painted his own portrait, life-size, which will remain there for all time in memory of the greatest of the Gaekwars.

This picture was last seen by the present writer in 1906—some years before the Delhi Durbar. This historic presentment of the Gaekwar shows the Ruler of Baroda in the very uniform and regalia in which he presented himself to the King-Emperor at Delhi.

Light on the "Sketch" Photograph.

Again, the Royal Academy of 1911 contained a State picture of the Gaekwar, also life-size. In this His Highness was depicted wearing also exactly the same white cloth costume which he wore at Delhi. And this is the simple white cloth costume, which, if Mr. Garvin had taken the trouble to enquire, he would have learnt is also the costume of the Gaekwari caste, and which will be worn by His Highness's descendants, as it has been by his forefathers. The Gaekwar has no other state dress than that which he wore at Delhi.

But what about the *Sketch* photograph of the Gaekwar? We have turned up the pages of the *Sketch*, and the portrait shows His Highness in a new military costume, purely English in cut, with waist-band, sword, spurs, trousers and gold-laced collar, almost exactly similar to that of an English major-general. This costume, so far from being the garb "in which," according to Mr. Garvin, "the Gaekwar presents himself to his own people," is one in which His Highness has never been seen in his own capital, and, as we know from personal acquaintance of His Highness in Baroda, he never appears to his own people except in the white cotton costume in which he appeared at Delhi.

As for "the aiguilettes of an aide-de-camp to the King-Emperor," well, we hold up our hands in amazement at the *Pall Mall's* ignorance.

The *Sketch* photograph shows the Gaekwar wearing aiguilettes which are no more the aiguilettes of an A.D.C. to the King than they are those of a bugler in the Welsh Fusiliers. Aiguilettes are common to the uniforms of every army in the world, and they are part of the military trappings of scores of Indian potentates, rajahs, maharajahs, sultans, nawabs, and simple bahadurs, who are not among the King's Indian aides-de-camps, and it is only a particular variety of aiguilettes which are worn by His Majesty's aides-de-camp in India. So much for the aiguilettes story.

And in regard to the "white satin robe" which the *Pall Mall* says was worn by the Gaekwar at the Durbar of 1903, well, we again hold up our hands at Mr. Garvin's simplicity in allowing this article to appear. At the 1903 Durbar not one Indian prince wore robes. They all appeared in their national out-door costume, and the Gaekwar wore a white suit and orders, exactly similar to that which he wore in 1911. The occasion in 1903 when His Highness wore a white satin robe was the Grand Chapter of the Order of the Star of India, in the Dewan-i-Am at Delhi, some days after the Durbar.

The Gaekwar was then a Grand Cross of the Order of the Star of India, and, as such, he wore the robe of that Order in conformity with the dress regulations of the Chapter. All the other Indian princes who were members of English orders of knighthood also wore their robes. But at the Imperial Durbar of 1911, the Indian princes were commanded to appear to the King-Emperor in their ordinary native state costume, and so none of the princes wore their knightly English robes. Neither did the Gaekwar.

Ignorance of Indian Affairs.

But one final item will serve to show how much credence should be given to His Highness's enemy in the ranks of the *Pall Mall* contributors. Mr. Garvin's man says:—

> "Before any official notice had been taken of his conduct, before the Government of India could come to any decision, he volunteered the same night an "explanation" and an "apology." All India suspected his deposition, not alone for his aggressive lack of respect, but because the Durbar incident was the culmination of a series of acts of truculent defiance extending over many years. He was saved by the gracious clemency of the monarch he had sought to flout . . . I venture respectfully to think he was saved unwisely."

This is a frank expression of opinion, and it may be said to contain the quintessence of ignorance of Indian affairs. We make so bold as to say that not one man in any office

£250 IS THE FIRST PRIZE FOR FOOTBALL FORECASTS.

position in India "expected the Gaekwar's deposition." Some illiterate Fleet Street scribe, sent out to India for the Durbar, reported, after the Durbar incident, that it was rumoured that the Gaekwar was to be deposed, and the report was widely circulated throughout Britain.

But no such report was circulated in India, for the simple reason that in Hindustan the notion that the King-Emperor intended to depose the Gaekwar would merely raise a smile. The Gaekwar of Baroda is not a subject of King George. He is an independent Sovereign, ruling his country not as a vassal, but in suzerain alliance with Britain.

He is, in every sense of the word, the King of Baroda. Moreover, he is a despot. A mild and benevolent despot, it is true, but yet a despot, with greater powers of life and death in his own country than has King George in Britain.

The merest suggestion of the deposition of the Gaekwar —which could only be done for murder, or making war upon England, and then only after a long legal trial— would raise such a hornet's nest about the ears of the British rulers in India that they would soon be on their bended knees to the Gaekwar to petition him to bring peace.

Other Misleading Statements.

There are scores of other points in the *Pall Mall* article equally as misleading as those quoted. But we, refrain from further refutation of Mr. Garvin's disgraceful misstatements of fact in relation to Baroda and its admirable rajah. The vulgar abuse of the Gaekwar's person and ancestry is the blackest mark the *Pall Mall Gazette* has notched against itself for many years.

BOXING NOTES.

Driscoll and Moran are reported to be fit and on top of their form for their 20-round battle to-night, although there are grave rumours afloat that Jim is noticeably slowing down. He has had a long ring experience and has done more than his share to further the interests of the boxing game, and, win or lose to-night, he will be able to say that he has always given the public the best that is in him. We could well do with a few more boxers like Jimmy.

* * *

The match in which Bombardier Wells was to have met Tommy Burns at Calgary has fallen through. As we hinted from the first, it never did look like materialising.

* * *

A new sporting syndicate is said to be negotiating a match between Wells and America's best white man, with a purse of £6,000. It is proposed to bring off the match in a huge tent, capable of holding 12,000 spectators, either in London or Birmingham. We can imagine the task of the management, should some of the "lads" take it into their heads to have some fun inside such a tent.

* * *

By the way, Mr. Jack Woolf, of Wonderland fame, will run a series of tournaments in the small hall at the back of the ruins of the old Wonderland. Mr. Harry Jacobs will now have a serious competitor down East, so sit back and hold tight.

* * *

The Wells-McCarthy contest, in New York, will cause some excitement, although there will be no official decision. The 10 rounds condition will rather favour Billy, as he will be able to box at top speed practically all through, but then, McCarthy certainly looks good from this distance, while Wells may not be thoroughly acclimatised, unless the match is postponed for a little time.

KENT READER WINS OUR FOOTBALL PRIZE.

No. 12 FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

In connection with our No. 12 Football Competition, a Kent reader succeeded in giving thirteen correct results out of the matches played, and therefore takes the prize of £25.

The fortunate person is:—

F. WENTWORTH,
33, SKINNER STREET, GILLINGHAM,

BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

Sketches and News from Stageland.

Watching La Pia, the Enchantress, and her weird lighting effects this week, it struck me that if brevity be the true soul of wit, then the sporting kit worn for her War Dance is witty indeed!

* * *

Mr. Edmund Gwenn as Enos Llewellyn in "Little Miss Llewelyn."

"I'll take evens" (as Joe Elvin would remark), that it was considerably modified at the Command Performance. Her show, however, is a sheer delight!

* * *

It is remarkable how Little Tich gives an impression, within certain limits, of greater capability at the latter of several consecutive visits. This is perhaps as well for the Palladium, as he informs me that his present engagement is a six weeks' contract.

* * *

I sincerely hope that the demonstration conclusively betraying the inept mentality of its perpetrators, that robbed us of Sir Geo. Alexander's speech on the first night of his excellent "Turandot: Princess of China." was not inspired of a zealous but generally indiscriminating body known as The Gallery First-Nighters.

* * *

If they are not responsible we congratulate them; if they are, the necessary steps must be taken for their suppression. Meanwhile, don't miss "Turandot."

* * *

I wonder why the bulk of the press have not reported this quite respectable disturbance!

* * *

Mr. Barclay Gammon it was, of all others, who seemed to hold the attention of the Royal Party at the Command Performance with the greatest ease. He is the undisputed monarch of the comedy-pianist section of Variety!

* * *

Dainty Miss Hilda Trevelyan in "Little Miss Llewelyn."

It was in the "Actor's Mile"—as that part of the Strand between Bedford and Wellington Streets is called—that I collected the following true tale about life in a theatrical touring company.

A young and very nervous actor, playing in a gory melodrama, had to bring down the curtain on the first act with the line: "Because I am your father."

On his first appearance, overcome with fright, he blurted out: "Because Hi am your father." Livid and gasping with fury the manager earnestly promised the erring mummer the immediate "sack" if ever he made such a hash of the line again.

The conscience-stricken youth promised that all should be well in future; but on the very next night—through overmuch brooding on his previous blunder, he completely lost his head, and declaimed "Because I *ham* you father!"

* * *

Mr. Barclay Gammon and the Grand.

I have secured information that Happy Fanny Fields is to be approached by a world-famous musical comedy impresario, with a view to her starring in a forthcoming production.

* * *

Personally, I see no reason why this offer should materialise, as musical comedy to-day has nothing to offer in the way of salaries that could approximate the regal retainers she commands in variety.

W. R. C. R.

WE OFFER OUR READERS A PROPRIETARY INTEREST. SEE PAGE 1844.

THE LAST GASP.

A YOUNG CITY CLERK'S DISMISSAL AND TEMPTATION.

In the outer office of Messrs. Bertram Thomas and Son, merchants, Bob Rowley sat perched on a high stool, feverishly adding up for the seventh time an appallingly lengthy list of figures, and glancing at the clock from time to time with unconcealed vexation.

The hour was half-past six. All the other clerks had gone; and he should have gone with them; but he had found a slight deficit in his accounts, and he would not go till he had traced it.

The street door opened, and young Jack Thomas, the "Son" of the firm, rushed through into his father's sanctum; but Bob Rowley did not even notice his entrance. It was only when he heard his name called out that he looked up from his ledger.

"Governor gone, Bob?" enquired young Thomas, in genial tones; for in unofficial moments, the two were great friends. "He's not in his room."

"He went about an hour ago," said Bob. "He won't be back to-night."

"Ah, well, it doesn't matter," said the other, "I rather wanted to see him; but it'll have to do to-morrow."

And he rushed out.

"I've as good brains—if not better than he has," Bob thought, "and we're both the same age. Hanged if it seems right that I should be slogging away from nine till six for a wretched thirty bob a week, while he, who is hardly ever at the office, has more money in a month than I have in a year." An idea which had been burgeoning in his head for some time past, now burst into full flower. "I'm going to ask the old man for a rise to-morrow," he decided.

But he didn't. The chief clerk told him, as soon as he had hung up his hat and coat, next morning, that the governor wanted to see him at once; and, on entering the principal's room, Bob found Mr. Thomas with a very stern expression on his face.

"Ah, Rowley," said the other, looking, as was his rather irritating habit, anywhere but in Bob's face. "I wish to let you know that I have no further use for your services"—

"Have you anything to complain of in my work, sir?" Bob interrupted.

"In your *work*, no," answered the other, quietly. "But I am not satisfied with your general character. As a result of a few enquiries I have lately made it my business to make, I find that you are anything but steady. I fear you have little sense of—ah—proportion. You are too fond of 'fluffing it,' if you understand me, and I have decided to dispense with your services."

By this time Bob was thoroughly angry.

"But I fail to see," he exclaimed furiously, "what the way in which I spend my leisure hours has to do with you."

The other smiled—an unpleasant, enigmatical smile. "Possibly," he murmured; "and possibly not. You may or may not be surprised to hear, Rowley, that this morning, on opening the safe with my master key, I missed five pounds and some odd shillings from the petty cash box, money which I know was there last night. Mind you, I am accusing nobody, but I should prefer you to go. Here is a cheque for a month's salary. Take it. You can go now."

"I will go, by all means," said Bob. "But as for your money—" he tore the cheque across and across and dropped the pieces on the floor—"I'd rather break stones than take it."

"As you will," was Mr. Thomas's only answer; and Bob turned and left the room.

He walked home because he had left himself so short during the past week, that on this day, which should, in the ordinary way, have witnessed the replenishing of his exchequer, he had not even his fare home. And as his rage gradually cooled with his walk, Bob began to find this mildly disconcerting.

But he had a few pounds in the Post Office Savings Bank, and they would suffice to keep him going until he got another job, he thought. So he drew out some money, bought some stamps, stationery, and a newspaper, and proceeded to write letters to prospective employers.

Day after day he posted reams of correspondence, day after day he tramped the streets of the city, calling at office after office, and agency after agency. But with no result.

And at the end of three weeks, when his small store of money had gone, the climax of his evil fortune came. Plucking nervously at her apron, his landlady stood before him, muttering inarticulate excuses. She had known him for years, and it pained her sorely to say so, was the drift of her words, but she'd a large family, and she had had no offer to let his room. She couldn't afford to wait——

"I understand," said Rowley, wearily, "I'll go to-morrow."

The next night as he lay in the hard and exigous bunk which he occupied in a municipal lodging-house, one insistent question held his tortured brain in its grip, "What can I do that will bring in any money?" And, suddenly, the answer came to him, "Billiards!"

He could play the game more than a bit! Perhaps he could give lessons in it! Tom, the marker at Blayne's, close to Piccadilly Circus, whom he had tipped handsomely on more than one occasion, would probably put him in the way of some work. The next morning saw him clattering down the wooden stairs that led from the gilded and plate-glazed bar at Blayne's to the billiard room. Tom, brushing down one of the tables, was alone.

"My word, sir, I am sorry! I really am!" exclaimed the little man. "Yes, I think I might put a little in your way, if you wouldn't be above doing it. There's a lot of gentlemen come down 'ere every night to take lessons from me, paying a shilling for the table and another for the lesson. More of 'em than I can deal with. Would you care to take some of 'em and go 'alves?"

Bob jumped at the chance. He began the same night, and after sharing out with the marker at closing time, left the place the possessor of five shillings. Things, he thought happily, were looking up.

* * *

But, after a time, the good-natured little billiard marker's pupils began to complain. They wanted to be taught by Tom himself, they declared; and so it would often happen that Bob Rowley would leave the billiard room at night as poor as when he entered it.

Thus it happened that when the first temptation came his way, he was not as fit as he might have been to meet it. He had not eaten since the day before, and his sufferings were apparent from his pinched face. Sympathising, Tom came up to him, anxious to help him after the manner of his kind.

"There's an oofy young jay, waitin' to be plucked, at the end table," he whispered, "I'll put you on to him. It ought to be worth a bit to you."

Bob shuddered involuntarily. Good God! Was he now for the first time in his life to become a swindler—a common crook! He couldn't do it! He—But he was hungry. The marker's hand was pulling at his sleeve. Fiercely, he set his emaciated jaw.

"By Heaven, I'll do it," he muttered. "The fool can probably afford to lose—and it'll be a lesson to him, perhaps. Introduce me to him, Tom," he said.

The marker led him towards the end of the saloon where a youngster in evening dress stood waiting. As they approached, the resplendent figure first stared, and then rushed forward excitedly.

"Good God!" muttered Bob, and he almost turned to run. "Jack Thomas!"

"Bob, my boy, this is splendid!" shouted Jack, taking both his hands and shaking them up and down. "The governor and I have been looking for you for days and weeks! The whole story of the rotten business was that I borrowed the money, and forgot to leave an I.O.U. I was frightfully riled with the governor when I heard, and made him promise to fetch you back. But he said he'd wait for a few weeks to 'steady you a bit,' to use his own beastly expression, but when we wrote to you, you'd gone. But never mind! You're to come back to-morrow at an increased salary. Come and have some supper, now?" The excited young man dragged him away.

"Jack," said Bob Rowley, rather huskily, as the two passed out of the billiard-room." You—you've pulled me up at the last gasp."

"Don't talk rot, man," said the other.

Bob saw with relief that Jack did not understand the real meaning of his words.

IT IS NOT TOO LATE TO BEGIN TO READ "SIN."

LAUGHS FROM OTHER LANDS.

"Do you obey the Bible injunction to love your neighbour?"

"I try to, but she won't let me."—*Jester.*

* * *

NOT SHE.

A youth who was named Somerset
A fair maiden's love sighed to get.
"For thee, dear, I yearn!"
He cried. "Won't you turn
Your name into mine, my sweet pet?"

To this youth who was Somerset named
The maid said, and she couldn't be blamed,
"You may yearn and may yearn,
But I'll no Somerset turn,
And to ask me you should be ashamed!"

—*The Sun.*

* * *

Modern girl: "If you really loved me all the time, why didn't you let me know?"

Modern youth: "I couldn't find a postcard with the right words on it."—*Judge.*

* * *

"Then I have permission to visit you daughter, Mr. Wells?"

"Well, yes. But let me tell you I turn off the gas at the meter sharp at ten o'clock every night."

"Ten o'clock! Right you are, sir, I'll be careful not to come before that time."

* * *

The enthusiast is the man who feels perfectly sure of a good many things that he is mistaken about.

* * *

PERHAPS!

She: "Did you kiss the bride?"

He: "No. I'm going to wait till they come back and settle down."

Sydney Bulletin.

COLD COMFORT

Judge.

* * *

Son: Why do people say "Dame Gossip"?

Father: Because they are too polite to leave off the "e."—*Le Crabbe.*

* * *

Lady (to hotel clerk): There is something the matter with the keyhole in the door of my room; I should like it attended to.

Clerk: Yes, madam, I'll look into it this evening.—*Tiger.*

* * *

AND WHO WOULDN'T?

"Miss Bolde," said the shy student to the fair one on the other side of the sofa, "if I were to throw you a kiss, what would you say?"

"I'd say you're were the laziest man I ever met."—*Minne-Ha-Ha* (Minnesota).

* * *

NOT TO BE CAUGHT.

Teacher: What is the stuff heroes are made of, Tommy?"

Tommy: You'll have to excuse me, teacher, but I'm not booming any particular breakfast food!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

* * *

A DEBT TO SCIENCE.

"What a debt we owe to medical science!" he said, as he put down the paper.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed. "Haven't you paid that doctor's bill yet?"—*Chicago Post.*

* * *

OF COURSE!

"What did your lawyer say when you stated your purpose to him?"

"He said it was fees-ible."—*Boston Transcript.*

* * *

We may strive to know ourselves; but no man can find out personally that he is afflicted with the habit of snoring.

SOUTHERN READER WINS £25 FOR FOOTBALL RESULTS.

TABLOID TOPICS.

Some Interesting Pen Points.

A woman in China has been put to death for smoking opium. It is not an uncomon occurrence for victims of the drug habit to lose their heads.

* * *

Now that we have our "rare and refreshing fruit," we read that the price of vegetables has risen.

* * *

"Between the two stools of party government, woman falls to the ground," says Mr. Zangwill, in the *Westminster Gazette*. If women *will* try to sit in the wrong place, what else can they expect?

* * *

Advertisement in the *Daily Mail*: £5 to £5,000 posted without security." The advertiser should, at least, take care to seal the envelope.

* * *

The New York blouse-makers who went on strike recently paraded the streets singing "Everybody's Doin' It." Meanwhile the fashionable ladies were complaining of the rag time they had to endure on account of the strike.

* * *

Women have now been admitted as Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society. Strange to say, they have always been considered as desirable fellow-travellers.

* * *

"I am unable to discover any mechanical purpose served by the chin," says Sir Ray Lancaster. Some of our *cranks* depend largely upon its action.

* * *

"Are we too busy to think?" asks the *Evening News*. Many of us are too busy to think whether we are too busy to think.

* * *

The Rev. Kitson, of Barnes, protests against the University boat race taking place in Holy Week, "on account of the din and turmoil" occasioned. He doesn't mind the row, but he objects to the row.

* * *

The annual meeting of the Inner Temple decided not to admit women to practise as lawyers. Now we know why women talk so much about a "sex bar."

* * *

The Appleton Education Board, Wisconsin, has decided to create a position of "official spanker" to assist parents in correcting disobedient children. His title will no doubt be "ad-minister for home affairs."

* * *

Sir Thomas Lipton declares that Mr. Richard Carle, the American, is the most modest man in the world. Had he omitted to add "the American" we should have been inclined to doubt his word.

* * *

A suffragist tea-shop has been opened near the Houses of Parliament. Tea, toasted scones and muffins will be provided for 6d. An ad. lib. tea after a hunger-strike will hardly be a profitable venture.

* * *

A dozen English-speaking policemen are to be posted along the main thoroughfares of Berlin's West End. Encouraged by this example, our police authorities are thinking of posting gendarmes in Piccadilly.

* * *

The latest idea is a reversible motor-'bus with an entrance at both ends. The difficulty will now be to discover in which direction some of the 'buses are supposed to be travelling.

* * *

Mr. S. Chapman, of the Royal Observatory, has counted more than 50 million stars. Good heavens!

* * *

Announcement of a film of a suburban picture palace: "Tongues of Conscience. Over 1,000 feet." This ought to lick everything in the cinematograph line.

* * *

"It will not be long before the work of R.A.'s will be displayed on hoardings and railway stations."—*The Star*. At present only lesser artists are "stuck-up."

* * *

In a certain district of Berlin, instructions are to be issued on the legal way to cross the streets. Henceforth it will not be permissible to cross the road diagonally, but only at right angles. These authorities evidently mean to solve the traffic problems by degrees.

THE F.A. CUP.

Final Notes on the Second Round.

We have three Southern teams left in the second round of the F.A. Cup, to which I was unable to refer last week for the reason that their ties in the first round were undecided, and frankly I am rather more than surprised (agreeably I may say) that two of them—West Ham and Reading—have survived.

In the case of the latter, the achievement was, perhaps, not so great, since in Stoke they were meeting a very ordinary team, but somehow or other I thought that the "Potters" would pull through; but with West Ham the case is altogether different, and they have every reason to be proud of getting the better of a team that can be classed as one of the best in the country.

Writing last week, without knowing which team was to meet Aston Villa, I mentioned the fact that the Birmingham brigade had anything but an easy task on hand, and this opinion is fully borne out by the way in which West Ham have acquitted themselves.

Of course, as inferred above, I expected West Bromwich would be fighting it out with the "Villains," but since that is not so, the team that has so handsomely beaten them must at least be reckoned as being on a par with them, and that being so, I repeat that Aston Villa have not an easy task before them, but at the same time I shall look to them to get through.

To come back to Reading. After ousting Stoke so easily they are naturally looking forward to their meeting with the "'Spurs" with no little amount of confidence, but I am afraid it will not avail them much.

What I expect will be one of the most exciting games in this round is the meeting of Barnsley and Blackburn, Cup holders and League champions respectively. It is generally admitted that the team playing at home in this competition has some sort of advantage, and maybe if Barnsley grasp every point of vantage in this direction they will win, but I rather doubt it, and am more inclined to think that the visitors will hold them, and then triumph in the replay.

At first glance, it looks as though Newcastle will easily get into the next round, but we must not forget that Hull City are by no means a weak combination, and if the "Geordies" win this it will only be after a most strenuous game and by a narrow margin. I should say that Wolverhampton, who pay a visit to Bradford, should leave that town smiling.

On the other hand, Notts Forest will probably look fairly glum when leaving Oldham, one of the most improved teams playing, and one, to boot, with more than an outside chance of getting to the Palace. Burnley should have no trouble in getting into the next round at the expense of Gainsborough Trinity. What must be a match worth while going a long way to see will be between Manchester City and Sunderland.

As I figure it, there is little or nothing between them, except perhaps that the City are stronger in defence, and if they can score first, I think the rearguard will see to it that the Wearsiders will know they have been working should they manage to break through.

EXCUSES FOR DRINKING.

Some drink to make them wideawake,
  And some to make them sleep;
Some drink because they merry are,
  And some because they weep;

Some drink because they're very hot,
  And some because they're cold;
Some drink to cheer them when they're young,
  And some because they're old;

Some drink to give them appetite,
  And some to aid digestion;
Some for "Doctor says it's right,"
  And some without a question;

Some drink when they a bargain make,
  And some because of loss;
Some drink when they their pleasures take,
  And others when they're cross;

Some drink for sake of company,
  While others drink more sly;
And many drink but never think
  About the reason why.

DO NOT DELAY IN ASKING FOR SHARES.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

What is the name of the retired colonel who on his return one night—or rather early morning—lately from a Covent Garden ball, electrified his spouse by presenting her with a large bundle of leeks, which he proudly declared was a bunch of violets he had purchased specially for her?

* * *

How does the Oxford "tosher" obtain the money which he spends so freely on pleasure? And is there any foundation for the strong rumour that his affluence is mainly due to knowledge which he possesses concerning the public school career of a rich undergraduate, resident at one of the best colleges in the 'Varsity?

* * *

What is the source of the large amount of counterfeit coin which is being circulated in various districts of London? And would not the police be on the right track if they paid an unexpected visit to a little maisonette not many miles from Chiswick Mall?

* * *

What is this we hear regarding a "rescue home" for women of the unfortunate class in a North Western district? And are the very frequent visits paid to the institution by the male members of the "board" entirely actuated by pure charity?

* * *

How much longer is the proprietor of a Shaftesbury Avenue bar going to tolerate the daily and nightly presence in the lounge of a big man, describing himself as a wrestler, who lives by extracting money from the unwary under pretence of placing for them betting commissions, which, of course, he does not execute?

* * *

Did not the intoxicated lordling who accosted the "flapper" ballet-dancer outside the stage-door of a West End music-hall find that the subsequent taxi drive to Elgin Avenue and the brandy-and-soda in the little flat were rather expensive recreations?

* * *

Is not the well-meaning mining engineer who recently told an old friend about the latter's wife's nocturnal escapades in the West End rather sorry he spoke, in view of the fact that the two are now reconciled, and the well-meaning one has forfeited the friendship of both?

* * *

Where did the Hampstead lady philanthropist get her handsome borzoi from? And would she not be wise to make enquiries, in consideration of its remarkable similarity to an animal which has been missing for some time from a big house at Croydon?

* * *

Were the marks on the Brixton lay preacher's face really due, as he alleged, to scratches from a cat? Or can the latter be a playful way of alluding to his wife? And what is the nature of the nursing home to which the lady was admitted a day or two ago?

* * *

Was not the blackmailer who rang up the wealthy celebrity—or rather notoriety—on the 'phone rather foolish not to remember that such instruments are sometimes fitted with two receivers, and that a representative of Scotland Yard may have hold of one?

* * *

Does the financially reduced younger son of a noble house, who has lately been earning a living by canvassing for a commercial firm, fancy that the correct way of doing business is to call on prospective clients in a highly exhilarated condition, and in the event of the refusal of an order, to attempt to borrow half a sovereign or so on his personal I.O.U.?

* * *

Why does the rather superciliously inclined baronet so frequently entertain in his Devonshire house the retired Hebraic financier of somewhat shady reputation? And would he do so if a certain deal in rubber some months ago had not materialised?

What was the disturbance about between a lady and gentleman in a taxi, driving southward along Regent Street the other afternoon? And why did a broken umbrella hurtle out of the window just opposite Conduit Street? And what were the feelings of the elderly gentleman crossing the road, when the missile caught him full on his resplendently glossy top-hat?

* * *

When the retired major sold the motor-car to the titled spinster, did he or did he not point out its imperfections to her? And in view of the injuries she has just sustained in an accident to it, does he consider himself still deserving of the title of "an officer and a gentleman"?

* * *

Why does the sister-in-law of an elderly and wealthy widower, residing not a thousand miles from Cricklewood, personally prepare a cup of tea for him every morning, and stand over him as he drinks it.

* * *

Would the charitably inclined Bishop who recently sent a big cheque to the writer of a pitiful appeal sent to him from an address in Newington Butts be gratified to learn that that address is the "business office" of an individual who maintains a comfortable house at Battersea out of the proceeds of his begging letters?

WHAT NEXT!

"My lotion has nicely stopped your hair falling out! Instead of coming out by the handful, here is just 'one' in the comb."

Why does the well-dressed individual, smoking a cigarette in long amber holder, walk so continuously round and round and through and through the Piccadilly Circus Tube Station? And is it entirely by accident that he so often collides with ladies wearing jewellery or carrying hand-bags? And have we not said enough to give the police a strong tip?

* * *

Why did the Anglo-Indian tea-planter, in England for a holiday, suddenly leave his newly married young wife at the West End hotel in which they had taken rooms, and disappear? And if his wife has any wish to trace him, would she not be on the right track if she searched for him at a dingy hotel, under foreign proprietorship, in the Euston Road?

* * *

Would it not be advisable if the theatrical manager who favours farce productions modified the strength of his language when talking to his intimates over the telephone?

* * *

Would not a certain West End pantomime comedian's performance be just as funny—and far more pleasing to the majority of the audience—if he cut out the "asides" of doubtful cleanliness, in which he so frequently indulges?

READ THE INTERESTING NEWS IN MY "NOTE BOOK" ON PAGE 1844.

MY NOTE BOOK.

INTERESTING ANNOUNCEMENT FOR "MODERN MAN" READERS AND NEWSAGENTS.

Many have been the interesting chats I have had with you in this page, but this week, as Editor of the most sought after weekly by Britishers resident in all parts of the Empire, I am delighted in being able to communicate to my readers some information which I feel sure will be hailed with tremendous satisfaction.

In the first place I would like to draw your attention to the photograph in the centre of this page, of the handsome buildings where *Modern Man*, and its sister publication, *Bowerman's Dressmaker*, is produced.

I should have liked to reproduce photos of the various departments, but space does not permit.

In the basement is the machinery, packing, and dispatch department—a very busy department, too, I can assure you. Then on the ground floor we have the Counting House and Publishing Offices. On the first floor are the Directors' and Advertising Offices, and above these are the Editorial Offices. The third floor is known as the Paper Pattern Department, where a big staff of girls are busily engaged turning out many thousands of patterns to cope with the ever-increasing demand for new styles in fashions.

* * *

SHILLING SHARES FOR ALL OF YOU.

Now for the announcement which I am in the happy position of being able to furnish my readers. It is the outcome of considerable discussion, but I am pleased to say that ultimately it had to be admitted that the proposal that every one of our readers should be given the opportunity of a proprietary interest in *Modern Man* and its sister publication, the popular *Bowerman's Dressmaker* —in fact, the firm as a whole —was incontrovertible.

To-day, any barrier there was to down, and now is good, and the way is clear for me to extend, as I have wished to do for some time, a hearty invitation to readers and newsagents of both *Modern Man* and the latest thing in fashion journals to join us in the successful career of this publishing business.

The principal aim has been to make it possible for all my readers, newsagents, and others interested in our publications to secure a proprietary interest, however humble their position in life might be. This difficulty has been overcome by arranging to issue shilling shares. This will enable all to secure a part proprietorship in their favourite paper, be it only 5 shares or 5,000 shares. There is no more interesting and lucrative business to invest your money in. It is very different to buying shares in a company some thousands of miles away, who enlighten you of their prospects once a year with an annual report.

LARGE PROFITS.

In the case of *Modern Man* and its sister publication, *Bowerman's Dressmaker*, you are able to see your property in every newsagent's shop in your neighbourhood, and the posters exhibited outside their establishment.

You all well know what large profits successful publications can earn. Only last year a similar paper to *Modern Man* paid a dividend of 150 per cent. to its shareholders, and in the case of fashion papers still bigger profits are to be earned.

The circulation of *Modern Man* has steadily increased ever since I introduced my Shaving Set and Fountain Pen schemes, in which I invited you to help me secure 500,000 readers for *Modern Man*. When the circulation reaches 500,000 copies weekly *Modern Man* will be earning £150,000 per annum profit for all of you who take a proprietary interest in this paper.

I now refer you to page 1853, where you will find the prospectus of your company, which gives you full particulars of how to apply for shares in *Modern Man* and its sister publication, *Bowerman's Dressmaker*. The continuation of the prospectus and the application form appear on page 1854. Fill in the application form for the number of shares you require, and send it to the Secretary of the Company, together with a remittance in full payment.

* * *

AN OPPORTUNITY YOU MUST NOT MISS.

It is very difficult for me to impress upon you as I should like to do the opportunity that I am now offering you. The investing public are only too used to the glowing offers made to them in prospectuses.

I can only say I am not appealing to the investing public but to my readers, newsagents and friends only, who are interested in *Modern Man* and its sister paper, *Bowerman's Dressmaker*.

I am advertising this prospectus only in *Modern Man* because I want my new partners to consist wholly of readers of the paper and newsagents.

I heartily welcome all of you as partners in this paper, and can help each other to considerably improve our property and be able to claim the largest circulation of any weekly newspaper in the United Kingdom.

I extend my hand to all of you.

YOUR EDITOR.

A SOUTH AFRICAN MESSAGE.

Among the many complimentary and encouraging messages we have received from readers during the past week is one from "T. R.," Capetown, South Africa. "You cannot imagine," he begins, "how I look forward to receiving *Modern Man*. My people, who live in Hampstead, post me a copy every week, and I can assure you it is well read. It is indeed a fine paper, and I heartily endorse all the kind things which I notice other correspondents have said to you.

£250 IS WAITING TO BE WON FOR FOOTBALL RESULTS.

THE MODERN MAN.—No. 29:
MR. S. F. EDGE.

This week we have chosen as the subject of our sketch a man who has certainly "gone the pace," but lest it be misunderstood we hasten to explain that, of course, we do not mean anything wrong, but simply refer to his performances as a motorist, for which he has made a name for himself.

Mr. S. F. Edge has achieved great things in his particular walk in life, and, if asked, he would certainly tell you that the best way to merit success is to infuse the keenest enthusiasm into everything one takes up. Be persevering and never get downhearted.

As a motorist, Mr. Edge has had some narrow escapes when on the race track.

A few years ago he was precipitated over a railway embankment. It was the last day of the Gordon-Bennet Cup race. When Mr. Edge went to the garage for his car he found the tyres were down, and by the time he was ready to start no less than one hundred and thirty automobiles were ahead of him.

He determined, however, to make a bold dash for victory, and his efforts were rewarded, the leading car being passed five miles from the finish.

When travelling at seventy miles an hour Mr. Edge, in order to avoid violent collision with some railway crossing gates, applied his brakes quickly. The car twisted off the road, and went over a railway embankment, a fall of about fifteen feet, which, fortunately, was broken by a quantity of brushwood.

Undaunted, Mr. Edge got the car back on the road again, and, as already stated, won.

By birth the famous motorist is an Australian, and is a splendid all-round athlete, and, in spite of his love for the motor, considers walking the finest of all exercise.

At one time he was famous as a cyclist. When a lad he was ordered by the doctors not to go in for any form of violent exercise whatever on account of his health, but he took up cycling and swimming, and has benefited thereby.

IF YOU LIKE "MODERN MAN" SECURE A PROPRIETARY INTEREST.

SOME MEMS FOR THE LADIES.

A shooting class for girls is being held at the Lancaster Road Baths. We shall yet see women "fighting" for their rights.

* * *

Wives and Tradesmen.

A case heard at West London County Court has brought once more into the limelight of publicity the types of three familiar figures—extravagant wife, accommodating tradesman, and aggrieved husband. A resident of Leigh-on-Sea, Essex, was summoned by Messrs. Derry and Toms, of Kensington, for £6 3s. 7d. for household goods, clothes for his wife and children, and toys. The defendant explained that his wife pledged his credit against his orders.

Because of this they had separated for some years, but lived together again on her undertaking not to pledge his credit. He had no idea, until this case, that she was doing so. He had advertised that he would not be responsible for her debts, and sent notices to the same effect to trade protection societies, and most of the big houses in London. What more could he have done? he asked, and the Judge repeated the question. Defendant had four children to keep, and a salary of £3 5s. a week. "Then do you expect Messrs. Derry and Toms to lose their money?" asked counsel. That's just what they look like doing, judgment being given, we are glad to say, in favour of the husband, for what more could he have done?

* * *

Other Gaiety Theatre actresses who have made notable marriages in addition to Miss Gladys Dundas Slater, now the pretty bride of Mr. Charles Edward Thynne Eaton, of Tolethorpe Hall, Rutland, and Miss Olive May, the bride of Lord Victor William Paget, brother of the Marquis of Anglesey, are Miss Connie Gilchrist (Countess of Orkney), Miss Rosie Boote (Marchioness of Headfort) and Miss Sylvia Storey (Countess Poulett).

* * *

CAUSTIC.

He: "A man's success depends entirely on his estimate of himself."

She: "Then let me congratulate you on the brilliant career you have in store."

* * *

Tests for Shop Girls.

Americans, always ready to adopt new ideas, have instituted the efficiency test for shop girls. When a girl applies for a position now, instead of merely looking neat and tidy, she finds herself compelled to attain to a certain standard in neatness. She is not given a hearing unless she can prove herself efficient.

To make chocolate custard, dissolve 3-oz. grated cho over the fire in a little milk and then add enough to m quart in all. Just before placing in a mould add a few of vanilla.

* * *

HER IDEA.

Gera'd: "Do you wear hats like that to please me?"
Beryll: "No, you silly, I wear them to annoy the neighbo

* * *

Childhood and Dog-dom.

Again, when will rich and charitably inclined realise the immeasurably stronger claims to pr sympathy of childhood over dog-dom? With Misery, Disease, Starvation, and Death, stalking hand in h grim brothers of Destruction—through so many of our i trial districts, it is nothing short of maddening to thousands of pounds devoted daily and weekly, monthl yearly, to the increase of the comfort of bloated pug aldermanic Pomeranians, in the comfortable hom wealthy women, or in institutions privately suppor others like them.

To save the life of one child it is a little thing th gross Griffons should go uncared for; and so long a solitary slum waif cries in want in the United Kingdo shall regard every woman who lavishes money on an ani home as a sinner against the laws of Real Christianit

* * *

A very good-tempered gentleman, with a very long was one day walking down a narrow street of Sout ton; two or three very quizzical ladies, with very ill paused in their way, and looked steadfastly at the man's nose, when he, good humouredly, placed hi on to its tip, and pressing it to one side, said, laugh "Now ladies, you have room to pass?"

Lady Reader and Civility.

"It is to be regretted," writes "B.L.," a lady "that members of my sex are becoming very u Always when asking my way, or making any enq I avoid conversation with my own sex as much as po experience having taught me that from a man I am likely to receive a polite and intelligible answer. illustrate my point, the other day I was in a tram-car I saw a lady enter whose dress was ridiculously disarra and untaught by experience, concluded to do as she be done by, and so mentioned it to her. True, she 'Thank you,' but her look and manner were so at ance with the words that I sincerely regretted my forwardness."

"NICE PLACE" POSTCARDS SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.

The Most Thrilling Melodrama ever written.

"SIN"

(The Wages of Sin is Death.)

BY

MARIE CONNOR LEIGHTON,

Author of "Hush Money," "Convict 99," etc., etc.

SOME CHARACTERS IN OUR EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

JASMINE FLOYD, the beautiful daughter of Wellington Floyd, of Park-[illegible] House, Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead.

WELLINGTON FLOYD, "something in the City," rich, and a Church-warden.

CARL STUTTERMANN, a [illegible], who [illegible] a friend of Floyd's.

HARRY EARLE, nephew of Lord Clarestoke, a convict serving ten [illegible] servitude.

MARY GLOVER, a poor girl whom Jasmine meets accidentally.

HONOURABLE LEONARD SHOREHAM, son and heir of Lord Clare-[illegible]

TIGG, butler at Lord Clarestoke's in Eaton Square.

Jasmine shows Carl Stuttermann a letter, which tells her that her [illegible] is the biggest receiver of stolen goods in the Metropolis. Stuttermann says it is quite true, and laughing the laugh of a bully and a brute, informs her that if she fails to lunch with him at his house in [illegible] on the following day, Mr. Wellington Floyd, otherwise Troop, will be in the hands of the police within an hour.

Earle effects a dramatic escape from Portmill Prison, in order to try to [illegible] his destroyers, and to tell Jasmine of his love for her.

[illegible] sets out in a dense fog to travel to Chelsea by a tube train [illegible] wrecked in a collision, and among the slightly injured passengers [illegible] named Mary Glover, so much like Jasmine, that later, in order [illegible] some money, she consents to change clothes and impersonate [illegible] at the luncheon.

[illegible] a key which Stuttermann lent her on condition that she promised [illegible] lunch with him, Jasmine gained admission to a villa in Regent's Park. While secreted behind a cabinet, she hears her father, who is disguised, negotiating with a stranger for the purchase of the stolen Great Sunstone [illegible] diamond, and later she is amazed to see Harry Earle in the room and near him address her father: "You scoundrel, you know me, don't you. I am Harry Earle, whom you—"

But he gets no farther, for at that very moment police officers rush into the room and there is a wild stampede in darkness.

Upon escaping from the house, Jasmine goes to Stuttermann's residence [illegible] finds Mary Glover, and is horrified to find her dead at the luncheon table.

Lennie Shoreham is perturbed when he hears from Jasmine, now known [illegible] Miss Heary, of her promise to marry Earle, and, disguised as a warder, [illegible] Earle, who has been re-arrested, at Portmill Prison, and tells [illegible] that he (Earle) is the real heir to the Clarestoke peerage, adding, "I am a woman, and a poor girl [illegible] you."

In the prison hospital, a dying convict describes to Earle the fellow who [illegible] the stolen diamonds in his (Earle's) room, the jewels for which he was convicted, and he further vouchsafes the information that Stutter-mann himself had told him he was jealous of Earle because he wanted Jasmine.

Lord Clarestoke dies suddenly and Lennie Shoreham determines that [illegible] win his peerage by trampling on Jasmine Floyd's heart.

[illegible] a secret visit to her old home and also visits Stuttermann's [illegible] she overhears Stutterman and her father plotting Earle's [illegible]

The Doctor gives Earle a violet which he says Lord Clarestoke had [illegible] for him from the grave of Jasmine Floyd. A new batch of convicts [illegible] at the Prison, and one man stares at Earle with eyes that have [illegible] meaning in them.

[illegible] is poisoned with bread stolen from Earle's cell, and Earle [illegible] that it is the foul work of the new arrival at the prison, [illegible] to destroy him. During a fog in the exercise yard, Earle [illegible] coward, finds cyanide of potassium secreted away in a gold [illegible] and later the same convict hands him a staggering message, warn-[illegible] of approaching danger, and presumably written by Jasmine Floyd [illegible] Lennie Shoreham, by bribing a young doctor, manages to visit [illegible] cell, and the Judas hole in the door betrays them.

CHAPTER XI. (Continued).

The Cry of the Woman.

It was a fact. The Judas-hole in the door had betrayed them. The door itself swung open and the warder appeared before [illegible] p-eyed and dangerous.

[illegible] this, eh? What's going on here? There's some [illegible] hanky in this business. Who are you, young man?"

He had clutched at Lennie, and, wheeling him round, turned [illegible] of his lantern full upon him, finding the light that was [illegible] in the cell too feeble to admit of a close examination—[illegible] of the fact that it was the only light the prisoners [illegible] by. You're not the assistant doctor, though you look [illegible] You're a fake. There's a game on here. You just [illegible] a bit, my fine pair! You've been very clever, but not [illegible] er enough to get the better of me."

By the light of his own lantern his face was purple with wrath. His next step would certainly have been to rouse the whole of the landing, if not the whole of the prison. But Lennie Shoreham gripped him in her turn.

"Stop! Don't be a fool! Here's a twenty-pound note for you! There'll be no harm done if you mind your own business and hold your tongue, and let me out again quietly in half an hour's time. Nothing more will come of the affair. Ask no questions and take the money. Oh, it's all right! You need not be afraid that the note is a sham. Here—here's another for the same amount to go with it! Now get out and leave us alone."

For a moment the astounded officer hesitated between his duty and the temptation of the two crisp and filmy bank-notes; but for a moment only. Now he thrust the notes inside the breast of his coat with a sort of desperate movement.

"After all a warder's life isn't all cakes and ale, and a little bit extra doesn't come amiss, especially when the missis is ill, as my missis is now. But you'll have to keep to your time, sir, and be ready in half an hour. You must be a clever one, whoever you are."

He did not appear to have the faintest suspicion of the true sex of the pretended assistant doctor. When the heavy door had been shut and locked upon them again, Lennie turned once more to Harry Earle.

"Now we must be quick. Half an hour is not much for me to say all that I have to say to you in. Harry, listen to me! Have you been thinking of me since that day when I came to you by the quarry disguised as a warder? Answer me—quickly! Have you been thinking of me and dreaming of me ever since?"

Still with the spell of his consternation upon him, Harry Earle stammered forth his answer:

"No. I did not believe that you actually came. I told myself that I had only fancied that you came. You see, soon after they got me back here again after my escape I was very ill. The fever was on me already at the time you came. I was delirious that night, and when I got better I told myself that it was only in the delirium that I had fancied I had seen you. I could not believe it was true. Since I've got better I've been more and more convinced that the idea of your coming there—there among the convicts, in a warder's uniform—was only a delusion of my fever. It seemed so mad a thing! Too mad to be real."

"Yet it was real—as real as that I am standing with you now. Isn't it as wonderful that I should be here now as that I should have come that day?" she panted out. And he saw her olive cheek flush in the dim light of the cell. Her hands clenched themselves as if the strength of the passion that thrilled through her were almost more than she could bear. "I came to you that day because I had to come—because I knew that my love for you was too strong for me to act a lie to you any longer. Harry, I am a woman, and I love you. Do you see that clearly? You look as if you still believed that one of us must be either mad or dreaming, but it is the open naked truth that I am telling you. I, whom the world now calls Lord Clarestoke, am a woman—a woman tortured by her womanhood and ready to give up everything for the sake of her passionate heart. Oh, Harry, don't you believe me even yet?"

"How can I possibly believe you?" Harry Earle spoke almost angrily. "How can you be a woman and yet have been brought up as Lord Clarestoke's son and heir?"

His burned hand was hurting him cruelly. She saw this and caught his wrist and clasped it with trembling fingers.

"Poor hand! It was a shame to make you suffer, but this burn was part of the plan of my coming here to-night. You see, we had to invent some reason for your needing to see the doctor to-night, and this searing with the hot iron in the tailor's shop

was the best thing we could think of. I daresay the pain is bad, but all the same it was worth while. A thousand times more pain would be worth while if by suffering it you could get the chance of liberty and happiness that I have come to offer you. You are the real and true Lord Clarestoke now, a peer of the realm with an income of seventy thousand a year. Think of it, Harry! You, standing here in this cell in your convict clothes, are Lord Clarestoke, and I—I tell you again that I am a girl—a girl who worships the very ground you tread on—and who is ready to give up everything for you if only you will love her in return."

Harry Earle seized her in his arms then drew her to the part of the cell where the light was strongest. Holding her firmly, almost fiercely, he scrutinised her features with desperately searching eyes.

"Great Heavens! Can I have known you all these years and yet have had a deception like this worked upon me? Can your father's hatred of my father and of me have gone so far as this? Lennie, Lennie, you must be mad or delirious—not I. It is a thing impossible."

"That is just what has made my secret safe for so long," panted Lennie. "Everyone has always believed it to be impossible that a girl should be brought up as a boy and so no one ever suspects. But Harry, don't you see the truth now? Don't you see that the eyes that are looking up at you are a woman's eyes and that a woman's love shines in them? Don't your own feelings tell you that it is a woman that you are holding and not a man?"

Yes. He knew the truth at last. He could not doubt any longer. He took his hands from her and recoiled against the wall of his cell.

"My God!", he said below his breath.

There was silence between them for a moment—a silence during which her darkly gleaming eyes burned into his across the little distance that divided them in the gloom of the cell. Then he spoke again very slowly:

"So your father's hatred of my father and me went even so far as that, did it—that he brought up his girl child as a boy in order to cheat us out of our rightful inheritance?"

Lennie answered in a hard drawn breath:

"He did hate you—both you and your father. He hated you bitterly. I don't know if it is true or not, but he said that your father had so far disgraced the family name of Shoreham that he had to pay him ten thousand pounds to drop it and call himself and you by his second name of Earle thenceforward. He could not say anything against you on your own account, but you were the son of your father and that was enough for him. He was mad with hate for your father and that hate was all the stronger because he was a cripple and always in pain."

She waited an instant and then went on more quickly

"He was away from home—abroad for his health—when I and my twin brother were born. He was terribly ill—on the very brink of death—and the news that an heir had come made him turn the corner and begin to recover. Then my brother died a day or two after his birth, and somehow or other a mistake was made in the telegram sent to my father, so that he thought it was I, the girl child who had died. He wrote back that, though his girl child would have been dearer to him than his boy if it had not been for his hatred of his brother, yet because of that hate he thanked Heaven that it was the girl who had died, because the boy's death would have killed him. And this determined my mother to carry out an idea she had already had—the idea of bringing me up as a male child and the heir. For the old doctor had made the mistake in the certificate of death that he had made in the announcement to my father. He had put it down that the female child had died. So the way was easy, and from that hour I, the girl, was brought up as a son and heir."

She moved nearer to the upright and manly figure of the convict to whom she spoke and laid one hand appealingly on his branded sleeve.

"It was quite easy, Harry. You see, it was begun in earliest babyhood and the training went on every day, every hour. When my father came back he was told the truth, and he was glad of what had been done. He paid our old family doctor a handsome income for keeping the secret, and the old nurse who was the only other one that knew it, was silenced, too, by being well provided for. After a few years they both died, and then my mother died too, and only my father and I shared the secret between us. He was going to make some plan for my making a secret marriage abroad, and so securing an heir who should in some way be palmed off upon English society, when I told him that I loved you, and that I could not be happy without you. That was what killed him, Harry. He would rather have seen me dead at his feet, dearly though he loved me, than have heard me say that I had given my heart to you—to you, his hated nephew. He had a seizure from the shock of it and died, and in the eyes of the world I am his male heir and the true Lord Clarestoke. But it is you who are Lord Clarestoke, Harry. You are the rightful new peer, and the world shall know it if you will be my love and will make me yours. If you will not—then you must stay as you are. You are too loyal and too noble to tell the truth about yourself. I know that I can trust you for that. If you will not love me and marry me, then you must be Harry Earle, the convict, poor and ruined, for the rest of your life—because when your term of ten years is served and you are let out you will find yourself a ruined man with the stigma of the past clinging to you and making it impossible for you ever to lift up your head again. Your only chance is in me, Harry. So you won't turn me away, will you? Why should you not love me? I am young and handsome. I know that I am handsome, and why should I not say so? Even the life of a boy and a man has not robbed me of the beauty of my womanhood. I daresay it would have been best for you if I had never loved you. But I couldn't help loving you. You've been my life and my joy for years past, Harry. Even because I was supposed to be a man, and was shutting myself from a title, my hands were tied and my lips were sealed. But now I am alone in the world and free and I have come to you here, in the midst of dangers and difficulties, to say to you that I want nothing better than to lay down at your feet all that my father would have had me rob you of—the peerage and the honour and the wealth that go with it—if only you will give me your hand—your love—your life. Harry! Harry!"

She lifted her arms and clasped them about his neck.

"Harry, why don't you answer? Instead of being Lord Clarestoke, as I am now, I will be Lady Clarestoke. Then you will have your rights, and I, as my father's daughter, shall have mine. And I will get you proved innocent—I can do it—by using money freely to trap the men who are guilty—and then we shall be happy as no man and woman ever were before. Harry, speak to me! Tell me you want me. Tell me you will take me for your own, with all I have to give you! Harry, my love, my heart's desire—!"

She tried to press her lips to his, but he turned his own from them. He had not even yet entirely shaken off the paralysis of consternation which her clearer telling of the amazing secret had brought upon him, but now he saw with sudden terrible clearness all that she held out before him, all that she tempted him with. He smiled to her sadly as he shook his head, and with his poor labour-roughened hands gently undid the tight clasp of her hands about his neck.

"This is all so sudden, Lennie, that I feel dazed. I don't know what I am saying or doing. This strange story that you have told me is almost more than I can believe—even though now I see that it is true. I see that you are a woman and that your whole life has been a living lie, a fraud—surely the most daring and most astounding fraud that ever was planned and carried out to deceive society. And—and I see that you must love me passionately or you would not offer to lay bare your fraud before the eyes of the whole world. But it is impossible for me to take your love and give you mine in return. For my heart is Jasmine Floyd's, and will be hers for ever."

"Jasmine Floyd is dead. You can't bury your heart for ever in the grave of a dead woman."

"She is not dead. I am certain now that she is not dead. She is living. I have seen her in the flesh—here close to this prison."

Lennie's hands dropped from Harry Earle's breast. She drew back from him, looking at him blankly, while every vestige of colour died out of her cheeks.

"You have seen her here—in the neighbourhood of the prison?" she stammered out at last. "When?"

"Two or three days ago. I saw her as plainly as I see you now—more plainly, because it was out of doors, in the daylight."

Still for a few seconds the utter blankness remained on Lennie's handsome features. Then it was succeeded by a fierce and secretly overwhelming anger as she realised that Jasmine Floyd must have dared to come down here, as if for the express purpose of spying on her dealings with Harry Earle. In a moment she had decided what course to take, and she took it while a deep dark red drove away the whiteness from her cheeks.

"You must have broken down terribly Harry, if you have got so far as having delusions. How can you have seen Jasmine Floyd here or anywhere when she is dead? You must have seen someone who was very like her. You know Jasmine is dead. I sent you a winter violet from her grave. If she had been living, I should not have come here to you like this and offered you myself and the new life that I can give you. I should have known that it would be useless. But now she is dead and you will not do her any wrong by turning to me and making me your wife. As for the woman you saw near here two or three days ago—she can only have been a total stranger who chanced to have fair hair and a figure like Jasmine Floyd's. Or perhaps the fever of your illness was still on you, and the woman whom you saw in the distance would look like the woman who was in your mind and heart."

Harry Earle drew his hand across his eyes for an instant and then began to walk restlessly to and fro in the narrow little space over the ice-cold floor.

"No! No! It is useless for you to tell me now that she is dead," he cried in a hoarse whisper. "It is not only that I have seen her within these past few days, but before that I had a letter from her—or at least a letter in her handwriting that bore the date of about a week ago."

SEND AS MANY FOOTBALL COUPONS AS YOU LIKE

"A letter? Here?"

Harry Earle looked hard at her, for the sharpness of her tone had startled him.

"It did not come in the ordinary way," he told her, still speaking in the hoarse whisper. "It was blown into the prison yard by the high wind on a night of violent storm last week. It was not I who picked it up, but another man who knew the handwriting and gave the dirtied and torn little message to me. The handwriting was Jasmine Floyd's and the letter had been written only two days before. That made me almost certain that she was still living, even before I saw her. And since I have seen her, though it was only a moment's glimpse, I have no more any doubt whatever. I believed I had seen her dead with my own eyes; but now I know that she must have come back to life. She is living, and she is not far off; and wherever she is, she is mine, and I am hers. And, God helping me, I will be true to her always."

For a moment the sombre gleam in the eyes of Lennie Shorne, the girl who played before the world the part of a peer of the realm, was very ugly to see. Then the hate and jealousy were carefully hidden again in the depths of her own passion-tossed heart, and she said quickly but quietly:

"The letter and the woman you saw do seem very strange when taken together, but, whatever they mean, it can't be that Jasmine lives. She was buried from her own home. Her father and mother saw her and spent hours beside her body and followed her to the grave. No, Harry, there may be some living woman who is like her and even writes like her, but she herself is sleeping for ever."

"Even if it is so, I will be true to her memory. She is the one love of my life, Lennie. I cannot give the heart that was hers to any other woman. It is good of you to love me so much, Lennie, but I am not worth it. Go back to the world and keep your amazing secret. Keep on playing this part of a splendid young aristocrat that you have been playing so well. I shall not turn you out of your high place. Of what use would it be to me, a man branded as a felon, to be a peer? If Jasmine were surely living and could be mine now, it would be my joy to put a coronet on that sweet fair head of hers. But you would not betray yourself to the world in order that I might give another woman your place, and I should never be so inhumanly as to betray you now that you have trusted me with your secret. If I had known sooner that you were no boy, but a girl, I might have grown to love you. But it is too late now."

"Then you choose to fling away not only the peerage, but your only chance of getting back your honour and your liberty?" Lennie asked him with a ring of desperate anger and bitterness in her voice.

"What has that to do with it?" he asked her, stopping in his pacing and looking steadily at her flushed dark face. "The proving of my innocence does not depend on my being known to be Lord Clarestoke."

"It depends upon your having the Clarestoke money to pay scoundrels to speak out," was the reply of the handsome girl whose love he had flung back at her feet. "I have been making enquiries and I know that it is not one man only who has made you his victim, but half a dozen men. There are two or three of this half dozen who could be bribed by a very large sum of money to speak out what they know, but if that money is not offered then the whole five or six of them will hang together and keep silence until the ten years of your sentence are worked out. So, if you will not take my hand and all else that I offer you, there will be no chance for you of getting out from this fearful place. You will be ruined, lost utterly—you, Lord Clarestoke, who might have had everything that the world has to give to its luckiest men. Oh, Harry, for the love of Heaven, stop and think before it is too late! For when once I have gone out from here you will not have any chance again. Why can't you love me Harry? I am young, handsome, a favourite in society. If I cast aside this game that I have played since babyhood and appeared before the world as a girl, I should have a score of men at my feet, and not for my money only, but for my face. There are men enough who would think me as lovely as your fair Jasmine was. Then why are you so cold to me? Why do you turn from me as if it were not worth while even to try to care for me? Harry, if you only knew what a devouring flame my love for you is, you would have a little pity on me. Tell me this—if you were absolutely certain that Jasmine Floyd was dead—if you had no faintest gleam of hope that she may be living—would it make any difference? Would you choose then to claim the peerage and make me your wife?"

"No." Harry Earle shook his head while his eyes shone with a light that she hated to see in them, because it was the light of a love that was not for her and never could have been for her. "I have told you already, that if I have indeed lost herself I will be faithful to her memory. If you knew how madly I worshipped her while she lived you would know how it is that I cannot turn to another now—not even to get my release from this hell upon earth and to take my place among the lucky ones

BIG PRIZE FOR FOOTBALL FORECASTS. £250 YOU CAN SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

Armchair footballers can earn big money by entering our Football Skill Competition. Put your football knowledge to the test this week. Remember there is no entrance fee, and you can send in as many coupons as you like.

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches in the Second Round of the English Cup on Saturday, February 1st, and for the prize of **£250** you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will **lose**. Where you predict a **draw** leave in names of both teams. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given below we will award the sum of **£250**. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results £25 will be forwarded to the competitor whose effort is nearest to the correct results. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasion or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prize will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in sixteen matches next Saturday, February 1st. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN MAN, No. 14 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, January 31st. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £250 will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the sixteen matches are not played the £250 prize will be reduced to one of £50.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, £25 will be awarded to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct result.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prize will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN MAN FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 14.

Matches to be played on Saturday, February 1st. Cross out—in ink—the name of the team you forecast will *lose*. For a *draw* do not cross out either name.

BARNSLEY	v.	BLACKBURN ROVERS.
HULL CITY	v.	NEWCASTLE UNITED.
BRIGHTON	v.	EVERTON.
BRADFORD	v.	WOLVES.
ASTON VILLA	v.	WEST HAM.
HUDDERSFIELD	v.	SWINDON.
OLDHAM	v.	NOTTS FOREST.
BRISTOL ROVERS	v.	NORWICH CITY.
PLYMOUTH ARGYLE	v.	MANCHESTER UNITED.
MIDDLESBROUGH	v.	QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS.
WOOLWICH ARSENAL	v.	LIVERPOOL.
READING	v.	SPURS.
CHELSEA	v.	SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY.
CRYSTAL PALACE	v.	BURY.
BURNLEY	v.	GAINSBOROUGH TRINITY.
MANCHESTER CITY	v.	SUNDERLAND.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Man*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature .....

Address .....

OUR FOOTBALL COMPETITION IS QUITE FREE.

GILLINGHAM READER TAKES THE PRIZE THIS WEEK.

that fortune smiles on. As for my needing money to prove my innocence—well, I am not so sure about that. We shall see."

As his deep, yet very low, voice died into silence there came a sound of official footsteps approaching along the iron landing. They could not have been any other than a warder's footsteps, and Lennie Shoreham knew it. She sprang forward and once more flung her arms around her convict cousin's neck and tried to make him put his pale drawn lips on her rich dewy ones.

"Harry, that is the warder coming! Our half-hour is up, though it has been a long one. Are you going to send me away heartbroken? Harry, I want you! I want you! I shall never want any other man but only you all my life. I shall go half mad if I have to pass year after year knowing that I have your place and am spending your money while you are agonising here in a living burial. Give me your love, Harry. Come and take your own title, your own property, your own place, and take me, too. In pity for me. Harry———"

"No! no! I cannot." Still his lips were avoiding hers. "Go back and play the game to the end. You will soon forget me. I will stay here until I can prove my innocence. It may not take me so long to do so as you think. Then I will start life again by working for my bread. It will not come hard to me—not after this. Good-bye, Lennie, I am glad you came, in spite of everything. How did you do it?"

"By making friends with the assistant doctor here, and then paying him to let me take his place here for this evening. He runs a risk, but if he got dismissed from here I should look after him, so it would not matter. But what does it matter now I came here since I have come in vain?"

The warder outside was shuffling with the lock of the mighty iron-sheathed door, giving them as much warning as he could of his impending arrival to let the sham assistant doctor out. In the next moment the door swung open and Lennie Shoreham, the girl peer, drew herself away from the man who was dearer to her than her own soul. He had not kissed her. He told her now to leave him to his fate. Then he put a question to the warder.

"Have you heard, sir, how that new man from Wormwood Scrubs is who was taken so suddenly ill?"

"I heard the Chaplain saying as he was much worse," was the answer. "I shouldn't be surprised myself if he was going to peg out. Now, sir, come along. I don't know who the dickens you are, but you've got to come now." The last words were spoken to the visitor. And with fierce anger and yearning passion showing together in her magnificent dark eyes, Lennie Shoreham—otherwise Lord Clarestoke of Clarestoke—went out.

* * *

CHAPTER XII.

The Man in The Tight Corner.

"What will the end of this be?" Harry Earle asked himself despairingly. "What can it possibly be?"

He sat for an hour like a figure carved in stone rather than a flesh and blood man. When next the warder came into his cell he asked him to go and implore the chaplain to come to him for a few minutes.

"I must see the governor to-night," he said to himself half-a-dozen times. "If that man from Wormwood Scrubs dies before he speaks out what he knows, it may mean all the difference to me between leaving here in a few weeks' time and staying on here for nearly ten years—or until I die."

The chaplain got him his interview with the governor. It was a very great favour only granted because of the plea that it concerned a man who was dying. And he said what he had to say quickly and briefly.

"Sir, that man from Wormwood Scrubs who is lying dangerously ill in the infirmary can prove my innocence if he likes to speak. I want him to tell you what he knows before it is too late. Will you question him, sir—to-night—for the sake of justice?"

The governor looked at him silently for a moment or two, and then sent a message to inquire in the infirmary ward if the man in question was expected to die during the night.

The answer came back that the man's death was certain, expected before many hours could pass. He had been unconscious nearly all the day through, but was now coming to himself.

"Very well," was the governor's return message. "I will and see him in half-an-hour's time."

In half-an-hour's time a warder came to fetch Harry Earle to accompany the governor to the infirmary in order that he might be confronted with the sick prisoner who, as he declared, could testify to his innocence of the crime for which he was serving a term here at Portmill. Walking with the warder the chief authority of the prison, Harry reached the infirmary and the ward where his enemy and would-be poisoner lay. He followed the governor to the bed of the sick man, and his heart throbbed faster as he drew nearer and nearer to it. Now, surely the man "G. G." would speak out the truth that would secure his being set free!

Close behind the governor he approached the bed.

It was empty.

The officer in charge of the ward broke into incoherent exclamations of amazement.

"Why, he was lying there as weak as a baby half-an-hour ago," he said. "How can he have escaped? Where can he have got to?"

Harry Earle turned sick with disappointment as the ward broke into an uproar.

"Had this man got far—this man who was to save him?"

(To be continued.)

ANOTHER LONG INSTALMENT OF THIS POWERFUL MELODRA WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK. ORDER YOUR "MODERN MAN" EA AND AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT.

RAPID PHYSICAL CULTUR

By Our Expert.

ABDOMINAL DEVELOPMENT.

A good stretching exercise is formed as follows:—

Stand a short distance away a wall, about two or three feet according to your height.

Rise on tip-toe, keeping heels well together, and raise arms above the head, so that tips of the fingers meet.

Bend slowly backwards from waist, until you touch the wa the finger-tips.

The tendency will be to bend knees forward, to counterac weight of the body being th backward. This must be as far as possible, and the only bending should be at ankles and the waist.

On returning to the perpendicular, which will be a m of some difficulty until you have learnt to keep your ba lower the arms to the sides, and sink slowly upon the

This exercise is an excellent one for all the body mo more especially for the development of the abdomen, back, and legs.

Jumping and Brain Workers.

One of the most beneficial and simplest forms of exe is jumping.

Jumping is the finest form of gymnastics for brain work and a little time devoted to it morning and evening will surprising freshness and energy.

A walking stick resting on a couple of chairs makes efficient cross-bar, and the height may be varied by pla books between the chairs and the stick.

Another useful exercise is to kneel on the edge of bed, and from that position jump into the air so as to with your feet on the floor.

Again, a few standing jumps over a chair give a welc variety to the morning's exercises, and there is alway pleasing sense of uncertainty as to whether you will it, or come a cropper.

BRIEF REPLIES.

EXE (Mitcham).—Rest for five minutes after exercising.

N. S. (Middlesbro').—Drop the cold bath and try a tepid one, te ture about 80 to 90 deg.

L. E. (York).—You should weigh between 12st. 10lbs. and 13st. 1

NEVER MISS AN OPPORTUNITY, SECURE SHARES NOW.

WHY GAMBLING HELLS PROSPER.

Striking Revelations of Police Corruption.

There is a trite but very true saying that no amount of grandmotherly legislation will ever be successful in knocking out the "Old Adam" from the human race; and to no branch of social vice does this apply more forcibly than to gambling.

It is of no ultimate use to impose penalties on gamblers, be they speculators on horse-racing, football, or cards. If a man—or, for that matter, a woman—is passionately devoted to any form of wagering or game of chance, that man or woman will find some secret means, in spite of the most strenuous legal opposition, of gratifying that passion.

It is the same thing with drinking. Some years ago a fresh legal instrument, known as the "Black List," was put in force, but has this brought about any diminution in the yearly total of cases of habitual drunkenness throughout the country? Not a bit of it! The "black list" is a fiasco; and equally so—we may say straightforward at the commencement of this article—are and will be any legislative measures put forward to prohibit gambling in any form whatsoever.

To be Found in Abundance.

This does not, however, alter the contention which forms the principal foundation of the present article. We all know that organised clubs for the purposes of card playing, and other wagering, for money or money's worth, are against the law, and none of us who are not absolute fools are ignorant of the fact that such places—established at fees to suit the financial potentialities of all classes of Society—from the poorest to the wealthiest—are to be found in abundance, and that they flourish like the green bay tree.

To furnish instances—even of the most recent—would require far more space than the Editor would accord to a short article. The scores of raids which have taken place on little working men's gambling clubs in Whitechapel, Clerkenwell, Southwark, Shoreditch and such places, of quite recent months, are conclusive proof of the hold which gambling has exerted on the poorer classes; and we need no further demonstration of the equal popularity accorded to it by the well-to-do, than the notorious cases of raided gambling hells in the Cromwell Road, and Knightsbridge districts, one of which, indeed, has been occupying the attention of the Courts within the last few days.

But here comes the really vital question underlying the whole matter. It would be feeble to contend that these gambling dens which we have in mind are the only ones in existence. For every one that is raided, there are scores of others whose promoters are allowed by the police to continue their illicit traffic unmolested. Is it to be supposed even for one minute that the police are unaware of the existence of such places? Most decidedly not. Then why are they not raided?

The Price of a Friendly Inactivity.

The answer is a simple one; but in its very simplicity is embodied one of the sternest possible indictments against a deplorably increasing spirit of corruption in the police force at the present time. Those places are not raided for the very good or bad, as you like—reason that it is not to the interests of the police of the district to raid them. In other words, the promoters of gambling hells spend money lavishly in "squaring" the local force.

This applies much more to the luxurious gambling clubs of the wealthy than to those for working men. It is a fact that, whereas in the case of the latter the constable on the beat will receive an occasional surreptitious half-sovereign or a few shillings to enlist his goodwill, there is many a police officer, whose duty circulates around fashionable West End gambling clubs, who draws a yearly income of more than £500 as the price of a friendly inactivity and silence with regard to those establishments.

It is only when the gambling-den proprietors become overconfident in the security of their position, and begin to neglect their bribes, or to reduce their extent, that a venal constabulary turns like the proverbial worm, and a raid follows.

We say plainly that these things are disgraceful, and that in the interests of British justice they must not continue.

HEIGHT INCREASED.

If you are under forty, I can increase your height by from two to three inches within three months, by means of my special exercises. No appliances, no drugs, no special diet. Send three penny stamps for particulars of my system.

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should take up this course, as the business man will gain and retain perfect health, and the athlete will greatly improve both strength and development, as strength makes strength with our course. Compiled by Ex-Seaman Blazer, Britain's Best Developed Man and Holder of many Records, and Professor Kelly, M.I.I.P.D., Holder of Highest Teachers' Diplomas and World's Records. Full particulars, Great Strength Exercises, Muscle Control and Rapid Development, Hand Balancing, Card Tearing, and CERTAIN Constipation and Indigestion Cure. SEND 4/9 AT ONCE to

BLAZER & KELLY, Physical Culture Experts, (Dept. M), Achilles House, 44, OFFLEY ROAD, BRIXTON, S.W., London.

POSSESS A STRONG FACE.

"The St. Settef Course of Will-Culture" (Entered at Stationers' Hall) explicitly teaches how to develop your Will-Power to double its present strength in a few months. Your mouth and jaw become firmer and stronger, your eyes keener and more lustrous, and your gaze truly magnetic. Your whole face and bearing denote increased Strength and Personality. **You will rise in the estimation of the men and women with whom you come in daily contact.** The fee for the whole Course (four absorbingly interesting lessons) is only **2s. 6d.** (abroad **6d.** extra). **This is your total expenditure.** The Course is sent in plain, sealed package. Enrol to-day. Next week will see you delighted with your progress. THE ST. SETTEF INSTITUTE (Dept. M.), PERTH, N.B.

P.S.—The Editor and the Physical Culture Expert of "Modern Man" recommend "The St. Settef Course of Will-Culture."

HEIGHT INCREASED.

Increase your height and increase your business value. Don't be small and insignificant, but tall and commanding. Professor Prowse can put from **two to three inches** on to your **height**, and add proportionately to your **breadth** of **shoulder, general health** and **business personality**. Write, enclosing two penny stamps for particulars of my simple system, **involving no appliances, no deviation from ordinary habit, and no drugs. PROFESSOR PROWSE, 3, North End Chambers, CROYDON.**

MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

THE LEAGUE BADGE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription, nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League Badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League badge is obtainable in the following forms, and at the following prices.

OUR ATHLETIC BADGE.

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	1s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 12s.

Athletic Badge for Costume ..... 1s. 6d.

Athletic Badge for hat or cap ..... 1s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, MODERN MAN, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of MODERN MAN League and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

SEND TO-DAY FOR ONE OF OUR SAFETY RAZORS.

STOCKS AND SHARES

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

A more cheerful tone has prevailed throughout the Stock Exchange the last few days, principally due to the better news from Constantinople.

* * *

All markets are in a healthy condition for a rise, and many new issues are waiting to make their appearance as soon as peace is assured.

* * *

The most interesting announcement I have to draw your attention to this week is the prospectus of Bowerman's Press, Ltd., the proprietors of this paper and other popular publications.

* * *

I have no hesitation in advising all of you to secure as many shares as you can afford to buy, as I know how well *Modern Man* is prospering.

* *

It is an excellent idea to issue shilling shares, and what I particularly like about this issue is the true sporting spirit of the Directors in giving readers the opportunity of not only sharing in the full profits of the Company, but securing to them a 10 per cent. dividend before any distribution is made to the Deferred shareholders.

* * *

Successful publishing companies are notorious for paying big dividends, and this is another opportunity where you can get in on the ground floor and see your shares rise to a high premium.

* * *

Do not fail to fill in an application form at once for as many of the Bowerman's Press, Ltd., Participating Ordinary 1s. shares as you require, as I do not want any of my readers to be disappointed. The prospectus and application form appear on pages 1853 and 1854.

* *

There has been some good buying of Brighton Deferred on the dividend announcement, and the stock is certainly not dear at 92.

* * *

The Metropolitan dividend of 1¾ per cent. was rather more than the market expected, and the stock rose 1½.

* *

Metropolitan stock is worth buying, also Great Northern Deferred and Great Central Pref. at 32½.

* *

Americans now look like going better, and two lines I particularly draw my readers' attention to are Erries and Rock Islands at about 32 and 23½ respectively. Both these railroads look like improving several dollars.

* * *

Among Industrials, National Telephone Deferred are still lower at 98, and Marconis are not worth considering.

* *

National Steam Car are still a good purchase at 38s., and Aerated Bread have been in strong demand at 3½.

* * *

Rhodesians are now well on the move, Chartereds being in continued request at 27s. 9d., Exploring Land and Mineral have had a good rise to 5s. 6d., but will go much better.

* * *

The Rhodesian Gold output for 1912 creates a record. The yield of £2,707,368 for the past year constitutes a record, beating the previous best in 1911 by £59,474.

* * *

I now have the report before me of the Malayan Tin Dredging, Limited, which is certainly good reading.

* * *

The capital of the Malayan Tin Dredging, Limited, is £100,000 in 100,000 shares of £1 each. 82,500 shares have been issued, and are all fully paid up. At the meeting the chairman reported that financially the Company was in a very sound position, and that the dredger which has been erected on the property is one of the largest and most up-to-date dredging plants which has so far been built.

* *

Mr. Perkins, of Messrs. F. W. Payne and Co., has written a very interesting memorandum, from which I extract the following: The theoretical capacity of the dredger is 160,000 cubic yards per month, but Mr. Perkins says that a moderate estimate of the actual working capacity of the buckets may be taken at 80,000 cubic yards per month. He estimates the cost of dredging at 4½d. per cubic yard. The profits from this one dredger are estimated at £5,000 month, or £60,000 per annum.

* * *

The shares are now standing at 3⅜, which is a big premium but if this dredger makes 50 per cent. per annum, they can put on two more within a year, and be then making 150 per cent. per annum.

* * *

The Malayan Tin Dredging own 1,000 acres, of ground for eight or ten dredgers all working at the time.

* * *

There is a very bright future for the Malayan Tin Dredging, Ltd., and I look for the shares to go much higher.

* *

The Oil share market still remains in an idle condition. Spies have hardened to 24s. on last week's production of 4,344 tons, which was considered satisfactory. A new well upon plot 43 has just been brought into production.

* * *

The most interesting news in the Rubber market to my readers is the report just issued of the Chersonese and the Yam Seng Rubber Company.

* * *

Readers will remember me strongly recommending the shares of the Chersonese Co., on the anticipation of a dividend of 10 per cent. The report just issued shows the crop of rubber at 216,300 lbs. is more than double of a year ago.

* * *

Receipts from rubber brought in £30,600 as against £25,100, and the net profit is £20,800 as compared with £0,200.

* * *

A crop of 400,000 lbs. is estimated for the present year. Chersonese shares are a good buy.

* * *

The report of the Yam-Seng Rubber Company shows that the amount of rubber harvested was 111,100 lbs. or 40,000 lbs. more than for the previous year.

* * *

The net profits shows an improvement of £2,406, and admits of the dividend being raised from 20 per cent. to 25 per cent. Yam Seng Rubber shares are at present quoted at 8s. 3d.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

W.J.M.—Before I can say whether the shares you are interested in the Thames Iron Works will be of any value we must wait to see what the business realises in the event of the Company being sold by the Receiver for the debenture holders, as the debenture holders must be satisfied before any distribution can be made to shareholders.

G.M. (Nottingham).—Before investing a penny in the money elsewhere you should obtain full particulars of the security you get for your money. Send me all the particulars you give me of the amount you have to pay in each week, there is no attraction about the scheme. You would do better with the money in the Savings Bank.

R.M.—I am sorry I cannot send you the information you want, but I strongly advise you to leave lotteries alone.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ANY ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE, OR BY WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE
(44th Edition, 1913).
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If You're Seeking a Position.
which will afford fullest scope for your Special Capability get into touch with it through Hapgoods. We bring together Men of Special Ability, and Employers seeking Capable Men to fill Responsible positions they have open—positions carrying salaries of from £150 to £1,000 a year. If you're a really First-Class Man—and your record is good—write us to-day.
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MAKE MONEY WHILE YOU HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY.

A copy of this Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

BOWERMAN'S PRESS, LIMITED.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE COMPANIES (CONSOLIDATION) ACT, 1908.

Share Capital - £25,000

Divided into 460,000 Ten per cent. Participating Ordinary Shares of 1/- each and 40,000 Deferred Shares of 1/- each.

Issue of 460,000 Ten Per cent. Participating Ordinary Shares now offered for Subscription at par. Payable in full,

1/- per Share on Application.

The Participating Ordinary Shares now being issued will be entitled to a fixed dividend of 10 per cent. per annum and this dividend will rank both as to capital and dividends in priority to the Deferred Shares, and after £500 of the profits have been distributed to the Deferred Shareholders the remaining profits of the Company will be equally divided between the Ordinary Shareholders and the Deferred Shareholders. It is intended to pay dividends half-yearly on the 1st March and 1st September. The dividend in respect of the half-year to June 30th will be payable on September 1st, 1913, and will be calculated from the due date the shares were applied for.

Thirty-nine thousand nine hundred and two of the Deferred Shares of 1/- each have already been issued and Forty-five Debentures of £100 each, making a total value of £4,500.

Directors.

CARY GODFRY BOWERMAN, Esq. (Chairman and Managing Director), Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.
GEORGE BOWERMAN, Esq., Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. (Advertising Director).
G. DAVID MAGIN, Esq., Sunnyholme, Devonshire Road, Forest Hill (Circulation Manager).

Bankers.

PARR'S BANK, Limited, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Auditors.

JOHN BARRINGTON & Co., 45, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

Secretary & Registered Offices,

Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

The Company was originally formed as a printing and publishing business for the purpose of acquiring the copyright and goodwill of the well-known topical illustrated weekly newspaper "MODERN MAN," and the monthly fashion book known as "BOWERMAN'S DRESSMAKER" and CATALOGUE OF FASHIONS.

"MODERN MAN" has been established over four years, and the rapid increase in circulation in the past six months clearly demonstrates how highly the public appreciate the many improvements that have been made in the paper. The circulation for the month of December, 1912, shows an increase of 49,799 copies over the month of June, 1912.

"BOWERMAN'S DRESSMAKER" was first published in April, 1911, and has proved a great success. It is original in many ways, and is an interesting fashion monthly, giving practical advice to the many thousands who make their own clothes. The circulation steadily increases month by month.

The revenue derived from the publications for the past twelve months amounts to £5,688 17s. 5d.

The chief object of the present issue is to adopt the beneficial principle of giving the readers, newsagents, and others connected with the publications an opportunity of acquiring a proprietary interest, and thereby of furthering the progress of the papers, as well as of sharing in the profits.

It should be observed that the Participating Ordinary Shares we offer you will be entitled to a fixed dividend of 10 per cent. per annum before any profits are distributed to the Deferred Shareholders, and after the sum of £500 has been paid on the Deferred Shares the remaining profits will be equally divided between the Ordinary and Deferred Shareholders. The Participating Ordinary Shares, therefore, not only rank as regards payment of a 10 per cent. dividend and return of capital in priority to the Deferred Shares, but are entitled to share in the full distribution of the profits. This is significant of the entire confidence of the Directors in the continued success of the business.

The present issue will provide the Company with a working capital of £23,000, which will be devoted to purchasing more machinery, and the development and improvement of the publications after redeeming part or the whole of the issued Debentures, amounting to £4,500.

A large proportion of the new Capital will be expended in advertising your papers, and by this means the Directors believe they can still further increase the circulation of "MODERN MAN" during the next twelvemonth by another 75,000 copies per week and "BOWERMAN'S DRESSMAKER" by another 50,000 copies per issue. This extra circulation would bring a much greater advertisement revenue into the paper.

The following is an estimate of the profits which may be expected to result from the additional circulation and advertisement revenue to the Company:—

Profits from extra circulation on the basis of the present cost of printing and paper	£6,100 0 0	
From extra advertisement revenue	4,520 0 0	
	£10,620 0 0	
Less additional office expenses and commissions	1.000 0 0	
		£9,620 0 0
The amount required to pay 10 per cent. on 460,000 Ordinary Shares now to be issued	£2,300 0 0	
The amount agreed to be paid on the Deferred Shares	500 0 0	
		£2,800 0 0
Leaving the sum of		£6,820 0 0

WHICH WOULD BE MORE THAN SUFFICIENT TO PAY A FURTHER DIVIDEND OF TEN PER CENT. ON THE ORDINARY SHARES AND A SIMILAR AMOUNT TO THE DEFERRED SHARES AND TO PROVIDE £2,000 FOR RESERVE.

It is intended to pay dividends half-yearly, and no liability whatever will be incurred by the Shareholders beyond the amount paid for each share. You are requested to apply at once for the number of shares you require to avoid disappointment. Preference will be given to readers, newsagents, and others interested in the publications, but the Directors reserve the right to refuse any application for shares. When no allotment is made, the money will be returned in full. Not less than five shares will be allotted to any one person.

The Articles of Association provide that the minimum subscription upon which the Directors may proceed to allotment shall be One Hundred of the Participating Ordinary Shares now offered to the public for subscription, payment for which shall be made in cash.

The preliminary expenses of the Company in connection with the printing, issuing and advertising this prospectus are estimated at £100.

No cash has been paid to any promoters, and the vendors take no cash consideration.

On a poll, every holder of Participating Ordinary Shares shall have one vote for every twenty Ordinary Shares held by him, and every holder of Deferred Shares shall have one vote for every share held by him.

Applications for shares should be made at once on the form on the next page, and forwarded to the Secretary of the Company.

FOR CONTINUATION OF PROSPECTUS AND FORM OF APPLICATION SEE NEXT PAGE.

PROSPECTUS—*continued.*

together with a remittance for the full amount of the shares applied for.

Cheques should be made payable to Bowerman's Press, Limited, or bearer. If in any case the number of shares allotted less than those applied for the surplus will be returned in full.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Registered Offices of the Company, Farringdon House, Farring Street, London.

Dated January 24th, 1913.

BOWERMAN'S PRESS, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.

Form of Application for Shares.

To the Directors of BOWERMAN'S PRESS, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,

I enclose herewith the sum of £....., being payment in

for .....10 per cent. Participating Ordinary Shares of 1s. each in the above Compa I hereby apply for and request you to allot to me that number of shares, and I hereby agree to accept the s or any less number which may be allotted to me upon the terms of the Company's Prospectus filed with Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, and the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, a authorise you to place my name on the Register of Members of the Company as the holder of such sh allotted to me.

Name in full.....

Mr., Mrs., or Miss.....

Address.....

Description .....

Usual Signature.....

Date.....1913.

MOTOR CYCLE NOTES.

There is a rumour afoot that we are shortly to see a friction-drive motor cycle on the market. This system has been tried and found successful in transmitting up to even 10-h.p. to propel a weight of several hundredweights, and therefore its success when transmitting lower power should be beyond doubt. Another great advantage of the friction-drive is that there is nothing to break. It gives an infinite range of gears and free engine without any complicated machinery, and when the drive is worn it can be renewed at a cost of a few shillings.

* * *

The recent exploit of driving a cycle over 100 miles on one charge of oil has brought a train of correspondence to the Press from riders who appear to take a pleasure in driving their bikes on the minimum of lubricating oil, and boasting of their achievements. This is rank foolishness, and can only do harm to the engine, such as overheating and excessive wear on bearings. Air-cooled engines need plenty of oil, and if one is not quite certain of the right quantity always err on the side of over lubication.

I am informed that Benzol can be substituted for petrol without any carburettor adjustments being necessary, but unfortunately the difference between the price of the two fuels is so small as to hardly compensate for the trouble incurred in procuring this article.

* * *

Riders of fixed engine machines who perforce have to adopt the running mount, should practise vaulting straight into the saddle. This is especially useful at night, when mounting by the pedal is a risky job on account of its tendency to shift. A good alternative method is to replace the pedals by another pair of footrests, and there is no harm done if they project more than the pedals, as this often prevents damage to the engine through a sideslip.

RACING SELECTIONS.

Of the few selections given last week only two ran, we have little to complain of on that score, since one them, Shanawan, won at the nice price of 7-1, so that were six points up on the week. Those readers who t advantage of my cheap little wire service were adv to back Mr. Brown's horse, and as I only sent two o messages—one second and a non-runner—they would be well to the fore. The week opens with a two days m ing at Nottingham, where on the first day I fancy the cha of Flyer in the Newark Selling 'Chase. A useful lot entered in the Harrington Hurdle Race, which may g Saucy Vixen, who has the requisite speed on the flat, has only to stand up to win.

Jack Symons can win the Mansfield 'Chase. On Tues the locally named Handicap 'Chase provides Ballyma who is quite a useful jumper, a good chance to disting himself. Folkestone does not look like providing us anything very startling, and the only likely ones I can are Prieska, who is certain to go close in the Canter Selling Hurdle, and Gold Seal II., who is a bit above others in the Lydd Selling 'Chase. It will not req a particularly good one to win the Dachet 'Chase Windsor on Friday, and perhaps Tokay will be equal t

The Eton Handicap Hurdle race will provide a good test, and is by no means an easy race to find the win of, and it is with no great confidence that I name Ma Mine as a possible. The only one I care to recommen Saturday is Early Closing, who, if ridden by his ow has a good chance of winning the Englefield Hurdle race.

THE RACING EDITOR WILL WIRE THE BEST THING HE KN EACH DAY FOR 5s. WEEKLY, OR WILL SEND A SINGLE MESS FOR 1s. SELECTIONS WILL BE WIRED OVERNIGHT FOR THE BE FIT OF READERS WHO CANNOT DEAL WITH MID-DAY MESSA

SEND TO-DAY FOR ONE OF OUR SAFETY RAZORS.

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

There is no doubt that the popularity of the navy blue suit is on the increase rather than the decline. There are no clothes in which a well-developed man looks better. But the blue that is most in favour is not the heavy dark blue of some years ago, but something several shades lighter and with more life in it.

The material also is not the thick, heavy serge once so common, but a greater variety is available both of flannels and serges, some with faint white lines, others with a just visible herring-bone pattern, and so on.

These lighter materials are capable of fitting closer to the body than the less modern, long-wearing, shiny serges, and they are thus better adapted to the present style of close-fitting, full-skirted lounge coat.

WAISTCOAT OPENINGS.

The openings of all waistcoats, not only of "fancy vests," are now being cut quite low, and the lines of the "V" should follow those of the lapels of the coat, and should show above them as a vest slip does above a waistcoat.

There should be a uniform width of waistcoat showing, which will, of course, vary with the roll of the coat, but with a coat rolled to the average height and furnished with two buttons not more than an inch, or possibly two inches, of waistcoat should show.

With these low-cut vests it is especially important to pay attention to the smartness of shirt and tie, and to the proper set of the collar. A pleated shirt and open-ended tie form the best combination to wear with them.

BOWLERS.

The broad-brimmed bowler, so fashionable at the beginning of last year, is rapidly falling out of vogue. Its place is being taken by the curled-brim.

It is worth while, when purchasing a bowler, to pay a good price for it.

A cheap bowler has several disadvantages. It is liable to lose its shape, and becomes soft after a very little exposure to the air.

Moreover, the colour of the felt on a cheap hat will always give its price away.

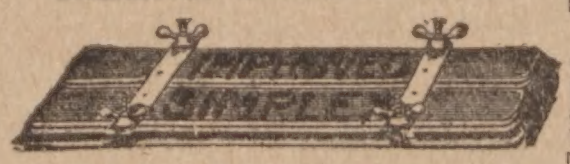
It is better economy to pay 8s. 6d. for a good bowler than 4s. 6d. each for two which will last you no longer.

If you can afford to pay 16s. or so for your bowler in the first instance, you will have no cause to regret it, for a good hatter can renovate it again and again, so that it leaves his hands as good as new.

"FIRSTS AND LASTS" PRIZE WINNERS

The prize-winners in connection with the No. 9 competition are:—First prize, £1, Fred Anthony, 45, New Road, Newtown, North Wales, with: Dainty Servants: Disdain Scrubbing. Miss N. Brown, 7, Plantagenet Street, Cardiff, takes second prize, 5s., with: Clumsy People: Clamouring Excursionists. Five prizes of 2s. 6d. each are awarded to: F. Williams, Fairleigh School, Weston-super-Mare; Thomas Avery, 64, Parkgate, Bury Brow, Huddersfield; A. MacDonald, 471, Dumbarton Road, Glasgow; Charles P. Stuart, 355, Gidlow Lane, Wigan, Lancs.; R. W. Lloyd, 20, Rochford Road, Chelmsford, Essex.

TREBLE THE WEAR OF YOUR TROUSERS & REMOVE ALL UNSIGHTLY BAGGINESS BY USING THE SIMPLEX



In Polished 6-ply Oak, **5/9** Carriage paid U.K. per Parcels Post, 11lbs. **Extra Heavy Press** to take 6 pair in 8-ply Oak, Heavily nickel-plated fittings, **8/6** carriage paid, weight 14lbs.

WHY PAY MIDDLE PROFITS? Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome unbreakable 6-ply POLISHED OAK **Heavily Plated Fly Nuts and Powerful Steel Crossbars as shown.** Full length, Take 4 pairs. **Guaranteed 5 years, sent on 7 days' approval.** Money returned next post if not satisfied. Send for Illustrated List Free.

SIMPLEX MANUFACTURING Co. (H. CLIPSON, Manager),
66, BALHAM HILL, LONDON, S.W.

BOOTS ON EASY PAYMENTS

Boot Catalogue Post Free.

2/6 MONTHLY.

THE "MARATHON"

The Boot which will wear an "Extra" Long Time.

BOX CALF UPPERS.
EXTRA SMART APPEARANCE.
PATENT LEATHER TOECAPS.

MASTERS' "MARATHON" BOOT

is a very smart Boot, smart enough for Sunday wear, yet strong enough for a week-day Boot; they are made of beautifully soft Box Calf Leather of superior finish, Patent Toe Cap, etc., drill-lined and constructed by British workmen in correct style. Price 13/- cash. 14/6 Easy Terms. Send 2/6 with size, pay 2/6 on delivery, and 2/6 monthly. Ladies' Boots from 8/6. Illustrated Boot List free.

Sizes 6 to 10.

J. N. MASTERS, Ltd.,
85, HOPE STORES,
RYE, ENGLAND.

TRY TO POCKET OUR £250 FOR FOOTBALL FORECASTS.

Readers Sale or Exchange.

Advts. are inserted under this heading at the rate of 1d. per word, and should be sent with remittance to the Advt. Manager, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 8d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Conjuring catalogue, illustrated, free; send early.—Vandy (Dept. M.M.), next Wyndham's Theatre, London.

Why be Short? By adopting my simple system you can put inches on to your height in three months. No apparatus. No medicines. Ordinary habits retained. Send two penny stamps for particulars, to Professor Prowse, 3, North End Chambers, Croydon.

For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's advertisement, page 1852.

For sale, the Business Encyclopædia and Legal Adviser, Caxton Publishing Co., 7 vols., cost £3 19s. 6d.; also the Popular Encyclopædia, Chas. Annandale, 14 vols.; both in new condition; what offers?—Box 546, "Modern Man," 29, Farrington Street, E.C.

A Fountain Pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" Fountain Pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. to-day to Box 4597, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

For trouser press see advt. Simplex Manufacturing Co., page 1855.

"How to Make a Speech."—Learn the art of public speaking and become a leader of men. Develop your mental power and personality. Our interesting pamphlet gives valuable information. Sent gratis and post free.—London Institute, 211, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

Absolute Genuine Moustache Grower, known to grow a moustache in a few weeks. Advertiser will be pleased to send recipe and full particulars to all sending P.O., value 1s. 1d.—Box 8029, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Every Book-keeper should possess a copy of "Trading Accounts," just published, brimful of useful information, complete with exercises and answers, worth 2s. 6d., price 7d. post free direct from the author.—W. A. Hatchard, A.C.P., 29, Shaftesbury Road, Crouch Hill, London, N.

Marvellous hair grower, restores grey hair to its natural colour; absolutely genuine, results certain; recipe, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box No. 9172, "Modern Man," 29 Farringdon St., London, E.C.

Zither banjo, perfect condition, magnificent instrument, fine tone, cost £10, sacrifice 50s.—Box 777, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Bagatelle table, polished, folding, 9ft. by 2ft. 6in., 9 ivory balls, bridge, 2 cues; exchange for gramophone and records or cinematograph lantern.—Box 794, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Strong Will Power, and how to obtain it. See The St. Settef Institute announcement in page 1851.

Wanted: Height increasing course; must be in good order, and cheap for cash.—Box 841, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Clerks: Send postcard to-day for free interesting booklet on the famous "New Rapid" course of practical book keeping. Study becomes a pleasure. Sent free.—Book-keeping, 140, Holborn Hall, College, London, W.C.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Wanted at once, second-hand Vaulting Horse and Springboard. Swedish preferred.—D. McIntosh, Gowan Brae, Dulnain Bridge.

Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" high speed Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve easy lessons. Eighty words per minute in four weeks. Used by fastest official Parliamentary Reporters daily. Holds the world's speed record. Simple, rapid, legible, practical. New illustrated handbook with testimonials and specimen lesson gratis and post free.—Shorthand Association, 305, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. Telephone 6111 Holborn.

Wanted, small hand self-inking printing press.—Box 683, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, E.C.

Kodak daylight developing machine, style E, takes spools up to 5in., for 7/6, condition; what offers?—Box 794, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, E.C.

For increase of height, see Professor Prowse's announcement on page 1851.

A Sure Cure for Corns, Hoofs and Warts (Riley's, late Richardson's). Send for large box, post free, 8½d.—A. Gibson, Agent, 197, Oldham Road, Rochdale.

FREE SHAVING SET COUPON

.....Cut here.....

Six of these Coupons, cut from the current issue of MODERN MAN, and a P.O. for 1s. to cover carriage and packing expenses, secures a 5s. Silver Plated Patent MODERN MAN Safety Razor, a Silver Plated Stropper, and a 1s. stick of Shaving Soap in metal tube; all completely packed in handsome case. For particulars see page 1856.

Dated, February 1st, 1913.

.....Cut here.....

6/6 FOR NOTHING is what your Editor offers you.

I never dreamed when I made this Shaving Set Offer that it would meet with such an enthusiastic response. Evidently my readers are out to help me, and incidentally to help themselves to a complete Shaving Set FREE OF COST.

If you will only give the copies of "Modern Man" to the right people, I am satisfied we shall quickly have a permanent 500,000 readers, and how proud you and I will be when every newsagent is interested in the paper and exhibits our bill outside his shop.

REMEMBER, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

is to distribute six copies of the current issue of "Modern Man" among your masculine friends, although, by the bye, the ladies like "Modern Man," but before doing so, cut out the FREE SHAVING SET coupon on this page. Send the six coupons to me, together with a P.O. for 1/- to cover carriage and packing expenses of the Shaving Set, and I will send you by return the "Modern Man" Silver-plated Safety Razor, Silver-plated Stropper, and special stick of Shaving Soap, all complete in case, **absolutely free of charge.**

Address your letter to—Editor, "Modern Man," Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, and mark in the top left-hand corner "Free Shaving Set."

TELL ALL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT IT.

SHAVING SETS FREE TO ALL.

SEND FOR ONE NOW.

	s.	d.
Modern Man Patent Safety Razor	5	0
„ „ Stropper	0	6
Stick of Shaving Soap in Metal Case	1	0
Total ...	**6s.**	**6d. Free to My Readers.**

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